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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Our ministerial brethren seem to be specially disturbed just now with regard to social questions and appear to be vying with one another as to who shall say the most startling things. If I could take the liberties with the readers of this page which some of the gentlemen take with the listeners beneath their pulpits, I might engage in a mild enquiry as to how much of the recent sensationalism obtruded by these gentlemen upon the public is wholesome or justifiable. Such liberties being impossible, for I have not been ordained, I must content myself with asking a few questions.

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Can it be claimed that the Rev. Mr. Galbraith has accomplished any good when his first sermon against theaters crowded to the doors the playhouse where the most objectionable performance of the week was being given, and caused it to remove to another theater and give an additional week's performance? Thus we have had eight additional performances in order to satisfy the prurient curiosity caused by the equally prurient imagination of a gentleman who is privileged to speak from the pulpit. I have no doubt in the world that the Rev. Mr. Galbraith's intentions were what are known as "honorable," but his methods are, in my opinion, a very great mistake. The preacher must not forget that he is not only addressing those within the sound of his voice, but the vast multitude who will be reached by the newspapers containing a report of his sermon. Did it ever strike you with what singular unanimity the newspapers are informed when a sermon of this sort is about to be preached? I do not say that sensational preachers send word to the newspapers that they are about to deliver themselves of a tirade against gambling, or dancing, or theater-going, but I have a very vivid recollection of receiving many notices of this sort when I was in the daily newspaper business. If, then, these gentlemen are anxious to be reported, and in some cases at least notify publishers that there will be some very "racy" statements made, they should be very careful as to the effect of their remarks upon people whose minds have not been spiritualized by song and prayer and those accessories of the church which make it possible for sensational deliverances to be received into pious minds with the sanctified surroundings which, to a certain extent kill the poisonous germs of pruriency.

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I notice that Bro. Starr is an advocate of the strap as a means of punishing naughty youngsters. Has he thought out the phase of it which relates to the personal indignity of such a thing if practiced at police headquarters? Much of the degradation which is apt to come so speedily after young offenders have been punished, is caused by the damage done to the self-respect of the sinner. If the boys and girls who are permitted to disport themselves on the street at unseemly hours of the night are taken to police headquarters and placed across the knee of the chief and spanked into a blister go home, they are sympathized with perhaps by a weak mother, editionally flogged by a drunken father and despised by the neighbors as having received the mark of the lash. Would this be an improvement?

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Is it not true that punishment is only valuable in so far as it is corrective? The medicine is not all that is required to heal the diseased person; nursing is recognized as having even a more prominent place in the art of healing than the blister and the purge.

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What are the Christian men and women of Toronto doing towards inducing parents to take better care of their children? Are they going to the homes and speaking to the mothers and fathers of these erring ones? Are the prayers of the righteous being offered in the chambers of the ungodly in order that the weak and the sinful may be influenced by the petition to God that better influences be placed about these children? Are the hands of these children being caught in the street and the childish sinners taken home by gentle people who are pained to see these late revelers in public places?

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One clergyman said that it is at home where the most effective training can be given. This is true. Why did not the clergyman say that it is in the church that the most effective training can be given? Why did he not say that it is in the Sunday school where this training can be given? He was evading the responsibility of his department of public morals, and never more so than when he added, "This course should also extend to the schools." School teachers no more than policemen should be made responsible for the conduct of children during the hours when they are under parental control. It is truly in the home where this must be done, and homes from which these "girls of thirteen or fourteen out with boys at night at eleven o'clock"—I quote the words of one of the clergymen—I imagine are seldom invaded by the numerous clergymen of this city; it is highly probable that a policeman knocks at the door oftener than a parson. To what extent, then, are clergymen and other Christians responsible for the misconduct which proves that in pious Toronto children of tender age "vitiate" one another without reproof, and to such an extent that something as repulsive as the bastinado is proposed as a remedy.

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Is not this proposal, and the whole conduct of the religious education of the poor and uncultured, largely due to the proxy system whereby everything is left to the preacher and the priest and neglected by them that they may attend to fashionable weddings, proud funerals, ministerial associations, pan-councils, tea meetings, song services, and other affairs which did not trouble the apostles or claim the time of the early evangelists.

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Another question proposed by one of the clerical brethren was "of a case in his parish where a girl was betrayed. Her betrayer was arrested, but was given the option of marrying the girl or going to jail. He married her and next day skipped out." In the opinion of the enquirer, "the girl would have been much better off if she had not married him at all." What a vista of those most dreadful of family afflictions a question like this opens up. I think it leads to another problem which might very well receive some attention from the Ministerial Association. Is not the simple formality of a civil marriage made too much of? What the reverend gentleman described is known in slang parlance as a "shot-gun wedding," in which the bridegroom has the choice of a wedding or a funeral. Are not the vows made at the altar or in the presence of the officiating clergyman a hollow mockery? What can be thought of the promise of a man to love and cherish a woman from whom he has made every possible opportunity to escape? Can the officiating clergyman listen to forced vows, to perjury of this sort without contempt for himself, the man and the woman? Can he anticipate any happiness from such a union? No excuse can be offered for such a ceremony except that it may be considered as legitimatizing the offspring, and sensible people will generally believe that children cannot be legitimatized by a shot-gun or the dove of peace established in a household by the introduction of a policeman.

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One clergyman succeeded in being very realistic and quite funny. He agreed with the previous speaker that "family training was the thing." His father, so he told us, was a great believer in the rod, and amidst considerable laughter he described the application of Solomon's medicine. I can recollect with him when my father used to admit that it was his "painful duty" to cut a plum sprout and bend the twig in the direction that the tree should be inclined. I have no doubt in the world that a judicious application of this sort of thing is good for children in the privacy of home, where lovingkindness and self-sacrifice are afterwards offered to heal the wound and afford proof that it was really a "painful" duty. That same whipping would have a different effect if administered by a policeman with a screaming youngster fastened to a triangle or held in position by a couple of constables. The "cat" and the triangle are for hardened criminals; restraint and education are the best means at the disposal of public authorities for correcting vicious children.

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I think the oddest remedy suggested by any of the clergymen was the expression of a fervent wish by the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell that "theology be enthroned in the universities." Bless us, what good would this do? The girls and boys who are ruined by playing out late at nights never see a university, and it is very improbable that they hear anybody talk who is college-bred. He "thought, too, that ministers were too fond of preaching on popular subjects instead of coming down to practical home truths." In this he is quite right, but his further suggestion is not quite practical enough. He believed "they should all preach eight or ten sermons a year on the duties of parents." Eighty or ninety yearly visits to improperly conducted homes during which kindly but not intrusive advice might be offered, would be worth all the sermons they could preach. Truly enough, there is too little home teaching of children, there is too little home preaching by preachers in the home where preaching is necessary, and the preachers are just as remiss as the parents; everybody seems inclined to let everybody else attend to the duty which they are so apt to neglect.

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The Imperial Federation meeting in the Auditorium last Tuesday evening was one of the most successful events of the kind I have ever seen in Toronto, and clearly demonstrated that those who believe in the unity of the Empire are neither few in number nor weak in their determination to bring to a full fruition this glorious idea. Mr. Parkin's magnificent address and the remarks of the other speakers were heartily applauded, and the audience itself, composed as it was of the most intelligent and hopeful citizens of Toronto, proved that Imperial Federation finds its warmest supporters amongst those who have a stake in the country and are thoroughly well capable of reasoning out the best policy for the country to pursue.

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If anything, however, were necessary to prove that Annexation is ceasing to be an obscure heresy and the discussion of it something confined to the quiet conversation of intimate friends, or the "whispered treason" of a knot of luckless loiterers on a street corner, the proof is furnished by some of the mal-adroit references in the speeches at the Imperial Federation meeting as well as by the almost unanimous vote of the South Norfolk Reform Association, which declared itself in favor of political union with the United States. A number of prominent men in the Reform party were present, and I observe no effort made by them to restrain the rank and file from making this unfortunate and, it seems to me, unpatriotic declaration. Our Imperial Federation friends said they would not discuss Annexation, but they did discuss it. Family differences, as a rule, are concealed from the outside world until the stock of patience has been exhausted and all hope of reconciliation or improved conditions abandoned. When these flickering fires of discontent burst into a flame; when distrust and jealousy of one another becomes a chronic condition; when disappointment and poverty are continual irritants, family rows may be expected to become public scandals, and not infrequently has it been observed amongst nations, as well as families, that feuds are developed so bitter and remorseless that no one unacquainted with the facts can conceive that the original belligerents were brothers. I have not the slightest sympathy with the Annexation cause; I am sentimentally opposed to it and I cannot conceive how the material welfare of the country would be benefited. Yet I can imagine the mental condition of many who are only sentimentally opposed while hankering after what they imagine to be the benefits of such a union. These are more liable to become converts to the doctrine than those who have no sentiment in the matter but are unconvinced of the possibilities of material benefits.

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If anything is likely to turn a considerable tide of public opinion in favor of annexation, it is the utter unconcern of the present Home authorities as to what becomes of us here in Canada. I may be wrong in not feeling sufficiently sorry that the Annexationists are at least succeeding in bringing to the surface what has long been recognized as a dangerous undercurrent of public opinion. If Mr. Gladstone can spare a few moments from his Home Rule calculations he may observe that there is another portion of the Empire excepting Ireland which demands some attention. If the Annexationists can become prominent enough to effect this without being strong enough to endanger the existence of the Dominion, I am not quite sure that their labors will be without good results. If they accomplish what I have outlined they will have succeeded in doing what all other classes of the community have failed to do, and which all other classes of the community would perhaps be ashamed to accomplish by the same methods.

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"Times do change." Poor old man Bismarck—I mean no disrespect by attaching to this grand historic name these titles which belong to the unburied great as well as to the helpless poor. With the garrulity of age he has been discoursing upon how much he has done for Germany. He might well have left this for his biographers to tell. For a petty triumph now he shows an unwise willingness to talk of things that are past and which it is neither proper nor profitable for him to divulge. If he has accomplished anything by his ill-advised loquacity it has been in the direction of justifying the young Kaiser in dismissing him from his councils. If Bismarck imagines that the German people will be drawn closer to him when he claims that he was the founder and protector of the Fatherland rather than the first emperor, he is mistaken; it simply shows the arrogance of an imperial favorite who has done much and thinks that nobody else did anything. It seems to him that the policy of fifty years ago, the plans that he and the old emperor made before the average German elector was born, are sufficient unto to-day and that any change from them can be characterized as nothing but a youthful folly or a conspiracy against the state.

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Here in Canada we have this same sort of people. In the present ministerial reconstruction the old men are inclined to clamor for Sir Charles Tupper, or that mild-mannered and gentlemanly old politician, Sir Leonard Tilley, or anybody who is old enough, rather than entrust the government of the country to men who are not yet half a century old. However justifiable this may be in European countries, where diplomacy requires a long and intimate knowledge of statecraft and is more or less necessary, it is peculiarly inexplicable and exceedingly offensive in a new country like Canada. The conditions of fifty years ago, of twenty years ago, of ten years ago, are not the conditions of to-day in a country just merging into its most important formative period. The young Kaiser may not be the man to emancipate Germany from its great burden of militarysm, but he has shown singular ability in freeing himself from the old man who is so thoroughly non-progressive. Of course we may imagine that ability or intuition did not guide him, but that he knew from his father and grandfather, if he had not been advised by them, that he must emancipate himself from Bismarck's domination. At any rate he has done this, and if history records a weak or unpatriotic period in Bismarck's life it will be in connection with his senile attempt to recover power when he was too old to be entrusted with it.

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Sir John Thompson's accession to the premiership has been so widely discussed by the press and people of Canada that there seems little more to say. Without touching upon those things which by common consent have been left unsaid, that there is much in the public mind which has not been declared must be evident to everyone. That much has been said which is insincere cannot have failed to manifest itself to Sir John Thompson's acute judgment. All who know him are well aware that we are about to have "a ruler as is a ruler." With one accord enemies and friends alike have awarded him a full complement of praise as to his ability. All those who have seen him control his party and influence the Opposition in Parliament know that he is a strong man. His moderation appeals to the sense of justice which, strange as it may seem, is not absent even from the Grit Opposition at Ottawa. Those who have crossed swords with him know that he is a good hater. Few strong men are prone to forgive their enemies, and he does not even pretend to. His followers may as well be aware from the beginning that no matter how many diplomatic smiles may be exchanged, and how many complimentary speeches made, the members of his party must be either with him or against him. There are those who say that he is an intensely narrow man. This remains to be demonstrated. Wonderful ability may be concentrated in strangely narrow channels. No one has yet a right to say that he has exhibited this phase of his mind, yet thousands are waiting for evidences of such a dangerous peculiarity.

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If the re-constructed Cabinet is not a great improvement on the old one and particularly if W. R. Meredith is not invited to take a place in Sir John's ministry, I for one shall believe that this narrowness has been demonstrated. I should not question his ability; able men are not always broad. Mr. Meredith is so broad that sometimes his ability is questioned. Sir John Thompson is well loved by the people who know him and is loyally followed by his party in the Commons. It may be his idea to introduce nobody who is likely to be more broadly lovable than himself, no one who is more kindly and attractive than himself. If he has such a notion, Mr. Meredith will be permitted to remain the leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature. Sir John Thompson may succeed without him; he cannot succeed without the loyalty of Mr. Meredith. This matter of loyalty has been so long an asset of the Dominion Government, and it has been so long repaid with ingratitude and absolute disregard, that it has ceased to be question of what Mr. Meredith will say in such a matter; hereafter it must be a question as to what his friends will say. His forbearance may be very great; no one who has watched the evil things which have been heaped upon him by the leaders of the party at Ottawa can deny that for these many years he has suffered and been silent, has made sacrifices to be paid by ingratitude and actual betrayal. He has exerted his influence to keep the peace between his followers in Ontario—their name is legion—and the Ottawa Government. So far, he has succeeded. I have no doubt that no matter what happens him, no matter how he and his influence may be ignored by Sir John Thompson, he will, as in the past, be absolutely loyal to what he esteems his duty, which first of all is to his country, and as a means to this end the maintenance in power of a Conservative government. But his friends have no such meek ideal; with them forgiveness has ceased to be a virtue, and no matter how Mr. Meredith may counsel, no matter what his conduct may be, no matter if he may succeed in influencing his near personal friends, there will be throughout the whole of this province a bitter feeling of resentment which cannot be removed by the appointment of any other man.

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There are so many strange figures, so many odd forms in the kaleidoscope of politics that one cannot safely predict the permanence of any man or any party, and Sir John Thompson may succeed in holding this province without Mr. Meredith's aid, but personally I don't think he can, and I certainly hope that he won't try.

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For my own part, I am glad rather than sorry that our Premier is a Roman Catholic. It gives the country an opportunity to show that it has no narrow prejudices on this point. Of course it will be impossible to realize the sweet idea of the millennium as to partisan bigotry, but as Sir John steps into the high office of Premier he is hated by no one; everything is possible to him. He has youth, a

Continued on Page Four.

IN THE ROCKIES.

IT IS THE PRETTIEST CHRISTMAS NUMBER IN THE WORLD.

The Countess of Bellarmine.

Few rivers in England are without their "Lovers' Leap"; but the tradition of this one is singular, I believe. It overhangs a dark pool, midway down a west country valley—a sheer escarpment of granite, its lip lying but a stone's throw from the high-road, that here finds its descent broken by a stiff knoll, over which it rises and topples again like a wave.

I had drawn two shining fish out of the pool and sat eating my lunch on the edge of the Leap, with my back to the road. Forty feet beneath me the water lay black and glossy behind the dotted foliage of a birch tree. My rod stuck upright from the turf at my elbow, and, whenever I turned my head, neatly bisected the countenance and upper half of Seth Truscott, an indigenous gentleman of miscellaneous habits and a predatory past, who had followed me that morning to carry the landing net.

It was he who, after lunch, imparted the story of the rock on which we sat, and as it seemed at the time to gain somewhat by the telling, I will not risk defacing it by meddling with his dialect.

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"I reckon, sir," he began, with an upward nod at a belt of larches, the fringe of a great estate that closed the view at the head of the vale, "you'm too young to mind th' ould Earl o' Bellarmine, that owned Castle Cannick, up yonder, in my growin' days. 'Ould Wounds' he was nick-named—a cribbage-faced, whattee-blazes kind o' varmint, wi' a gossan wig an' a tongue like oil o' vitriol. He'd a led the forehalf o' his life, I b'lieve, in London churchtown, by reason that he an' his father couldn't be left in a room together wi'out comin' to faticuffs; an' by all accounts was fashion's favorite in the naughty city, doin' his duty in that state o' life an' playing Hamlet's ghost among the Ten Commandments.

"The upshot was that he killed a young gentleman over a game o' whist, an' that was too much even for the Londoners. So he packed up and sailed for furrin' parts, an' didn't show his face in England till th' ould man, his father, was took wi' a seizure an' went dead, bein' paisled down half his face, but workin' away to the end at the most lift-your-hair wickedness wi' the sound side of his mouth.

"Then the new Earl turned up an' settled at Castle Cannick. He was a wifeless man, an', by the look o't, had given up all wish to coax the female eye; for he dressed no better 'n a jockey, an' all his diversion was to ride in to Tregarrick Market o' Saturdays, an' hang round the door-way o' the Pack Horse Inn, by A. Walters, and glower at the men an' women passin' up and down the Fore street, an' stand drinkin' brandy an' water while the horse jockeys there my-lord'ed 'en. Two an' twenty glasses, they say, was his quantum between noon an' nine o'clock; an' then he'd climb into saddle an' ride home to his jewelled four-poster, cursin' an' muttern', but sittin' his mare like a man of iron.

"But one o' these fine market days he did a thing that filled the mouths o' the country-side.

"He was loafin' by the Pack Horse door, just as usual, at two o'clock, rappin' the head o' his crop on the side o' his ridin' boots, drawin' his brows down an' lookin' out curse from under 'em across the street to the saddler's opposite, when two drover chaps came up the pavement wi' a woman atween 'em.

"The woman—or maid, to call her by her proper title—was a dark-browed slut, wi' eyes like sloes, an' hair dragged over her face till she looked like an owl in an ivy-bush. As for the gown o' her, 'twas no better'n a sack tied round the middle, wi' a brave piece torn away by the shoulder, where one o' the men had clawed her.

"There was a pretty dido goin' on atween the dree, an' all talkin' together—the two men mobbin' each other, an' the girl i' the middle callin' 'em every name but what they was chris'ened, wi'out distinction o' persons, as the word goes.

"'What's the uproar?' asks Ould Wounds, stoppin' the tap-tap o' his crop, as they comes up.

"'The woman b'longs to me,' says the first. 'I've engaged to make her my lawful wife; an' I won't go from my word under two gallon o' fourpenny.'

"'You agreed to hand her over one gallon, first along,' says t'other, 'an' a bargain's a bargain.'

"'Says the woman: 'You're a pair o' hair-splittin' shammicks, the pair o'ee. An' how much beer be I to have for my weddin' portion?' says see; 'for that's all I care about, one way or t'other.'

"'Now, Ould Wounds looked at the woman; an' 'tis to be thought he found her eyeable, for he axed up sharp:

"'Would 'ee kick over these two, an' marry me, for a bottle o' gin?'

"'That would I.'

"'An' to be called my lady—Countess o' Bellarmine?'

"'Better an' better.'

"'I shall whack 'ee.'

"'I don't care.'

"'I shall kick, an' cuff, an' flog 'ee, like a span'el dog,' says he; 'by my body! I shall make 'ee repent.'

"'Give 'ee leave to try,' says she.

"An' that's how th' Earlo' Bellarmine courted his wife. He took her into the bar an' treated her to a bottle o' gin on the spot. At nine o'clock that evenin', she tuk hold of his stirrup leather an' walked beside 'en, afoot, up to Castle Cannick. Next day their banns were axed in church, an' in dree weeks she was my ladyship.

"'Twas a battle-royal that began then. Ould Wounds dressed the woman up to the nines, an' forced all the better-most folk i' the county to pay their calls an' treat her like [one o' the blood; and then, when the proud guests stepped into their chariots an' druv away, he'd fall to an' lick her across the shoulders wi' his ridin'-whip, to break her spirrit. 'Twas the happiest while o' th' ould curmudgeon's life, I do b'lieve: for he'd found summat he cudn' tame in a hurry. There was a noble pond afore the house f' those days, wi' urns an' heathen gods around the brim, an' twice he dragged her through it in her night-gown, I've heard, an' always dined wi' a pistol laid by his plate, alongside the knives an' prongs, to scare her. But not she!

Impressed.

Hooligan—Is thot wan av thim bastes wot Samson killed?
Keeper—Yes, that's a lion.
Hooligan—Murphy and me had a bet as to wither St. Patrick wot killed th' snakes, or Samson who killed th' lion and the Filleysteins was the bist mon, but, begorra, St. Patrick wasn't in it. I'm out thres dollars.—*Life.*

"An' next he tried to burn her in her bed—an' that wasn' no good.

"An' last of all he fell i' love wi' her—an' that broke her.

. . . . . .

"One day—the tale goes—she made up her mind an' ordered a shay an' pair from the Pack Horse. The postillion was to be waitin' by the gate o' the deer park—the only gate that hadn't a lodge to it—at ten o'clock that night. 'Twas past nine afore dinner was done, an' she got up from her end o' the table an' walked across to kiss th' ould fellow. He, 'pon his side, smiled on her, pleased as Punch; for 'twas little more'n a fortnit since he'd discovered she was the yapple of his eye. She said 'Good night,' an' went upstairs to pack a few things in a bag, he openin' the door and shuttin' it upon her. Then he outs wi' his watch, waits a couple o' minutes, an' slips out o' the house.

"At five minutes to ten comes my ladyship, gildin' over the short turf o' the deer park an' glancin' over her shoulder at the light in his lordship's libery window. 'Twas burnin' in true watch-an'-fear-nothin' style, an' there, by the gate was the shay and horses, and postillion wrapped up and flapping his arms for warmth, who touched his cap and put down the steps for her.

"'Drive through Tregarrick,' says she, 'an don't spare whip cord.'

"Slam went the door, up climbed the postillion an' away they went like a house a-fire. There was half a moon up an' a hoar frost gatherin', an' my lady, leanin' back on the cushions, could see the head and shoulders of the postillion bob-bobbing, till it seemed his head must work loose and tumble out of his collar.

"The road they took, sir, is the same that runs down the valley afore our very eyes. An' 'pon the brow o't, just when it comes in sight, the off horse turned restive. In a minute 'twas as much as the post boy could ha' done to hold 'en. But he didn't try. Instead, he fell to floggin' harder, workin' his arm up an' down like a steam engine.

"'What the jiminy are 'ee doin'?' calls out her ladyship—or words to that effec'—clutchin' at the side o' the shay an' tryin' to siddby hersel'.

"'I thought I wasn' to spare whip-cord,' calls back the post-boy.

"An' with that he turned i' the saddle; an' 'twas the face o' her own wedded husband, as ghastly white as if 't burned a'ready I' the underground fires.

"Seein' it, her joints were loosed, an' she sat back white as he; an' down over the hill they swung at a break-neck gallop, shay lurchin' an' stones flyin'.

"About thirty yards f'm where we'm sittin', sir, Ould Wounds caught the near rein twice round his wrist an' ln'nt back, slowly pullin' it, till his face was slewed round over his left shoulder an' lookin' in my lady's face.

"An' that was the last look that passed atween 'em. For now feeling the wheels on grass and the end near, he loosed the rein and fetched the horse he rode a cat atween the ears—an' that's how 'twas," concluded Seth lamely.

Like most inferior narrators, he shied at the big fence, flinched before the climax. But as he ended, I flung a short glance downward; far below lay the dark pool at the foot of the sheer cliff of granite at whose lip we sat. I took up my rod again with a shiver.—*Arthur T. Quiller-Crouch, in The Argonaut.*

Curiosities of Choir Music.

We have read about the newly imported German tenor who on Easter morning electrified a heavily mortgaged congregation by singing over and over again, "He will raise 20 debt, in 23 twinkling of an eye." But the following musical incident is related by one who attended a fashionable church; it is a good deal of a chestnut, but will bear repeating.

The choir started with a reference to the lilies of the field, and after singing the changes on the word "consider" until all idea of its connection was lost, they began to tell the congregation through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the basso who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sang, as if it had been officially announced, that he was not arrayed. Then when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion, the choir at length, in a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea which they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what! Such a long time had elapsed since they first sang of the lilies, that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these! We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat? No, most decidedly. Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off went the nimble soprano with the very laudable though startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared that she would wash. The tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth that he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping steam, or the splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm and unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "Wash their hands in innocency."—*Ex.*

Spoiling a Good Story.

A good listener never interrupts, except to applaud, but a poor listener is preferable to the one who spoils a good story by discovering its flaws, which a great many good stories have.

There was a social party gathered on the porch of a pleasant country house, and one of the gentlemen had just told the story of the criminal condemned to death by some ancient ruler. He was to be beheaded, and, as the executioner stood beside him, with drawn sword, the culprit was given a goblet of wine to drink.

He turned to the king and asked, as a last favor, that the executioner be directed to hold his hand until the goblet of wine had been drained.

"You have my royal word," said the king. "You shall not die until you have drained the cup."

Thereupon the ingenious criminal dashed the goblet to the stone floor, spilling its contents, and thus deferring his death sentence indefinitely.

The story happened to be new to some of the party, and was greeted with so much favor that another gentleman endeavored to cap it.

"An ancient Persian king," said he, "had brought before him a traitor to the throne, who, after a brief hearing, was condemned to be strangled.

"Mercy, oh, king!" cried the unhappy man.

"No," responded the king sternly. "You have conspired against me, and you must pay the penalty with your life. The clock is now trembling on the stroke of twelve; when it sounds the hour, you must bid farewell to earth."

Quick as thought the prisoner turned to the clock, which stood by the throne, and with a mighty push, threw it from its pedestal, and it fell with a crash to the floor.

"I bow to your will, oh, king!" he said calmly. "When this clock strikes I will die, and not before."

As a tribute to his presence of mind, the king spared the prisoner's life, and after a brief imprisonment, gave him his liberty.

"Quite as interesting as the other," exclaimed a lady, when the narrator had finished.

"Shows that there is nothing new under the sun," chimed in another.

"Humph—yes," said a small, quiet man, in the corner, after the comments had run their course; "very good story, and I hate to spoil it, but I must do it."

"What!" exclaimed the story-teller.

"Yes; must do it. There were no clocks in ancient Persia, so the prisoner could not have smashed one."—*Ex.*

Americans May Wear Tags in China.

"That is a terrible threat which the Emperor of China makes—that if the United States persists in forcing his subjects on this side of the water to register he will retaliate by compelling all Americans within his dominions to wear tags," mused Mrs. J. T. Bishop, who was chatting with some lady friends in the parlor of the Southern. "I understand that the Emperor has the tags all ready, and if President Harrison doesn't weaken at once the edict will go forth. The Emperor doesn't understand American character. He should order home some of his young men learning to pull stroke oar and play baseball at American colleges and consult with them.

"He would learn to his surprise that Americans dote on tags and hunt up all manner of excuses for wearing them, in fact, 'tagged' is rapidly becoming the American citizen's normal condition. He cannot participate in a torch-light procession or a picnic, a conference or a convention without his tag. The Americans in China are doubtless praying that Mr. Harrison will stand firm and that they will get their tags.

"They would prefer to have them about the size of a dinner plate and adorned with a yellow fringe and tassel; still they will be thankful for anything in the way of tags that the Emperor of the copper-colored Lilliputians sees fit to furnish, if permitted to wear them every day, including Sundays. His majesty of the big Umbrella forgets that our civilization is not quite so ancient as that of Cathay—that we still retain many of the childish characteristics of our barbaric ancestors. Let him launch his tag edict at once."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Distinguished Family.

Stranger in Town.—Sis, why don't you get your hair cut?

Sis.—'Cause when I get a little older I'm goin' to be a Circassian beauty; father is the flat-tipped-buzzard, and mother is the Sumatrian cork chewer, and I've got a sister what can swaller terbacker an' tie her ear into a true lover's knot.—*Life.*

Good Excuses.

What is much needed for persons "in trouble," and especially for those caught *in flagrante delicto*, is a good excuse, an explanation on the spur of the moment for their each having, for example, three gold watches about them. An instance of this kind occurred only the other morning in London. A gentleman was stopped by a policeman at two a.m., and requested to explain the fact of his carrying four umbrellas. It had been a fine day, so that even one seemed unnecessary. The best account he could give of himself was that his mistress had been out at a party and he was carrying her property home. The inefficiency of an excuse of this sort is really lamentable. In no society do ladies take four umbrellas to an evening party. It would have been better for the poor wretch to have announced himself as a "Japanese nobleman of the first class, who, in deference to Western customs, was wearing four umbrellas instead of four swords." This would, at least, have staggered the policeman as being something out of his beat. In another case, three individuals are found, armed to the teeth, under the pantry table of a gentleman's house, who have no better explanation to give of their position than that "they were getting out of the rain." These excuses are pitiful and almost pathetic.

Forgetting.

They lay on the cliff where the warm sun fell. Beneath them were rocks, lichen, spotted above, and orange and russet and pink beneath.

Around the headland the ocean ravened with roaring breath. It flung itself ceaselessly on the land, only to fall back with clutching snarl over the pebbles.

The smell of hot cedars was in the air. The distant ships drove by with huge sails bellying. Occasional crickets chirped faintly. Sandpipers skimmed the beach.

The man and woman were both gray. He lay staring at the sky. She sat with sombre eyes fixed on the distant sea, whose crawling lines glittered on its purple sweep.

They were man and wife, both were older than their years. They were far past the land of youth and love.

"O wife!" he cried, "let us forget we are old; let us forget we are disillusioned of life; let us try to be boy and girl again."

The woman shivered with a powerful, vague emotion, but she did not look at him.

"O, Esther, I'm tired of life!" the man went on. "I'm tired of my children. I'm tired of you. Do you know what I mean?"

The woman looked into his eyes a moment, and said in a low voice:

"No, Charles." But the man knew she meant yes. The touch of her hand grew cold.

"I'm tired of it all. I want to feel again the wonder and mystery of life. It's all gone. The love we have now is good and sweet and true; that of the old time was sweeter. It was so marvelous. I trembled when I kissed you, dear. I don't now. It had more of truth, of pure, unconscious passion, and less of habit. O teach me to forget!"

He crept nearer to her, and laid his head in her lap. His face was knotted with his passion and pain.

The wife and mother sighed, and looked down at his hair, which was getting gray.

"Well, Charlie!" she said, and buried her fingers in his hair. "I'll try to forget for your sake."

He could not understand her. He did not try. He lay with closed eyes, tired, purposeless. The sweet sea wind touched his cheek, white with the indoor pallor of the desk worker. The sound of the sea exalted him. The beautiful clouds above him carried him back to boyhood. There were tears on his face as he looked up at her.

"I'm forgetting!" he said, with a smile of exultation.

But the woman looked away at the violet-shadowed sails, afar on the changeful purple of the sea, and her throat choked with pain.—*Hamlin Garland in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Almost Came to Blows.

They were seated on opposite sides of the restaurant table and their feet collided beneath it. Of course both looked up.

"I beg your pardon," said one. "I didn't know they were so long."

"What!" asked the other sharply.

"Legs," retorted the first.

There was a pause, during which there seemed to be every prospect of serious trouble. Then the second asked fiercely:

"Whose?"

The proprietor of the place picked up a mallet and moved toward the table, prepared to maintain order, but pleasantly the answer came:

"Mine. My long legs are always getting me into trouble."

"Not at all, not at all," protested the other, suddenly becoming affable. "I'm deucedly awkward in handling my feet."

"But I assure you, sir, it was all my fault."

"Certainly not. I shot my shanks out as if I were sitting at the end of a ten-foot table."

The proprietor put his mallet away and muttered:

"It's funny how men will act. There was a fight on sure if either had said the other's legs were long or in the way."

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A Potpourri of Fashions.

THOSE authorities who regulate the going out and coming in of the styles, extend their rule to the most minute particulars of the modish woman's belongings. For instance, her stationery, her sealing-wax, even her fashion of chirography changes with the fleeting years. One must be *a la mode* in such matters, and therefore I took a look through the charming selection of new things in that line one day lately. Faint and quaint are the tints on the new stylish notepaper and envelopes. Everything garish or striking in the way of monograms, etc., is outside the correct thing. Mauve and flesh-color and gray, alternate with the orthodox white, in charming shades. The paper is not too thick nor too rough, but it is never glazed for elegant uses. A rather cute pen which I find delightful to write with is the ball-pointed, which, with many other nice devices, I saw at Mr. Bain's on King street east.

*

To those who appreciate labor-saving devices I would point out the Francis patent hooks and eyes, the beauty of which is that the eyes do not require any sewing on, but simply are darned through the material like slightly bent pins, being so shaped that they retain their position without any stitching. They are made of Bessemer steel and will not bend under any strain, I am informed.

*

There is also a fashion in hanging pictures. Everyone knows the old style, when the lower edges of the frames had to be on a horizontal and undeviating line, or the anxious eye of the mistress of the mansion was not satisfied; not so in later days! Hang the left hand picture a trifle higher than its neighbor, then the third a trifle lower than those two and have the largest picture on the left. One seems almost naturally to look to the left first, though I never noticed it before, and the gradual descent in size and altitude comes naturally, and what is natural is pleasantest in this matter even more than in many others.

*

I have seen so many pretty gowns this week that I scarcely know which to describe first. One of the nile green silk, soft and clinging, for a very willowy figure, was made with soft folded corselet of bright green silk velvet and berthe of triple frills of green lisse, embroidered in wheels and scalloped edges. The rather fragile figure of the dainty wearer was softly folded about with the lustrous velvet, thereby giving her a needed fulness without losing her willowy grace, till she looked for all the world like a cream-white moss rose-bud. Another sweet gown was of corded *vieux* rose silk, with passementerie edging the corselet waist; bands of darker velvet came under the arms and up on the bodice front and back, the guimpe was softly shirred and the sleeves were of dark velvet in enormous puffs.

*

Christmas is coming and everyone will be looking out for pretty novelties for the inevitable *cadeau de noce*. I fell in love with some quite new souvenir spoons at Ellis's the other day. One has an enameled handle of green oak leaves, with one cunning brown acorn thereupon. Another has a lovely purple violet as a finish to a slender gold handle. The violet is transparent and gives a rich jeweled effect. Some very dainty French designs were also among these new samples, but perhaps the most *chic* of all was delightfully Irish; shamrocks, green and gold, formed the handle, and even the bowl, and made a spoon too pre ty to put into anything so shrouding as coffee or chocolate, but rather apt to look stunning in pothoen—only Canadian women would never permit such a desecration!

*

We have heard great tales of the impossibilities of fitting a ball dress over a Jenness-Miller waist, and a general impression prevails that a loose and careless effect is necessary if one discards a corset. I know a lady who essayed a fit, from the most *exigeante modiste* in Toronto, and with only her Delsarte carriage and the courage of her opinions to carry her through. I wish you could see the result—no one could tell she lacked the steel bars of the modern torturer, no one but herself will ever know how comfortable she is, though everybody knows there isn't a wrinkle or a pinch or a strained seam in the clever *contouriere's* work. A Jenness-Miller waist should be the sensible gift of every good mo her to her young daughter, and all tales of the impracticable dressmakers, the untidy figure, and the marred outlines be relegated to the shades of oblivion. Many a skinny *debutante* can thank her hard and uncompromising corset for her long neck, hollow chest and hunchy shoulders, and many a weak and stooping woman would sit and stand as strong and straight as a pine tree if she had not squeezed the supporting muscles into inability.

LA MODE.

Individualities.

When the Princess of Wales is in Denmark she wears a complete mourning costume of cream color, which the Empress of Russia has introduced into that country as the national mourning.

Miss Tuttrell, the author of that remarkably strong work, The Silence of Dean Maitland, is a delicate girl who has done most of her writing while confined to her couch and suffering great pain.

The young Duke of Marlborough is twenty-two years of age. He is the ninth duke, the first having been the hero of Ramilies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. The new duke has three sisters.

The Prince of Wales, it is whispered, will shortly take to bicycling in order to reduce the girth of his waist. If H. R. H. takes to "wheeling" we shall doubtless have the whole peerage on bicycles soon afterwards.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, the well known kindergartner of San Francisco, has been appointed by the Kindergarten Union to represent her cherished idea on the honorary committee of the World's Congress of representative women, to be held next year in Chicago.

Mme. Charlotte Embden, the favorite sister of Heinrich Heine, has announced that she intends to publish 122 of the poet's unprinted letters, now in her possession. She will also publish at the same time her reminiscences of her brother. Madame Embden is ninety two years old.

Marie Tempest calls attention to the fact that the costuming in comic opera is far superior to that in grand opera, both as regards the soloists and chorus. When she "makes her pile," she says she will give grand opera, and her meanest "super" will be dressed correctly and artistically.

Mrs. Tel Sono, the Japanese Reformer, who is now lecturing in this country to raise funds to establish in Tokio a non-sectarian training school for women and girls, had the honor of being the first woman lawyer in Japan. She has been a Christian for only five years, and is deeply interested in work among the high class in her country.

Kate Greenway is a quiet, unassuming little woman who lives in a charming Queen Anne cottage on Hampstead Heath. Inside of the house one may see the style of furnishing familiar to students of her pictures. The furniture is quaint, there are wide seats in the long-curtained windows, and odd bowls and jars of flowers abound.

The Irish landlords have determined to boycott the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. But as Lord Houghton is young and good-looking, and is, moreover, a widower, it is more than likely that the wives and daughters of the landlords will bring such pressure to bear upon their husbands and fathers that they will have to go to the Castle as usual.

The ill-tempered cow which knocked Mr. Gladstone down in his own park has been worth more dead than she ever could have been living. It is said that each one of her teeth was sold for six shillings, and her skin is to be used to bind books for an *edition de luxe*. There is even a report that her calf will be one of the attractions at the World's Fair.

During the recent cholera epidemic at Hamburg two young English women, the Misses Kenealey, especially distinguished themselves. They are nurses by profession, and on this occasion they rendered double service, not only caring for the sick, but writing letters to medical journals in England, giving their experience for the benefit of the profession at large.

Thackeray's broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself; he caricatured it in his drawings, he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son: "Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug!"

The Princess Waldemar of Denmark, who was formerly Princess Marie of Orleans, was educated in England, and there imbibed some ideas about "libten" of Copenhagen. She is particularly fond of the society of men, and last New Year's eve gave a party, to which she only invited members of the male sex. They had, *on dit*, a glorious time, but the good ladies of Denmark were terribly shocked.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, being by her new position called on to preside at many meetings without a knowledge of parliamentary usage, does not blunder through nor give her nights to the study of *Cushing's Manual*, but with quiet and beautifully employs an expert parliamentarian to sit in a chair behind her at meetings, and to him she turns in a perfectly open and dignified way whenever she is in doubt as to the proper method. She does not pretend to understand, nor is she ashamed to let all see it, which strikes us as really fine and noble.

Mr. Beecher used to amuse himself at times estimating the cost of each individual strawberry raised on his fancy farm, and Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the celebrated contralto, might find similar amusement in computing the cost of the eggs her hens lay. No domestic fowl were ever more luxuriously housed than are the prima donna's chickens. They know the beneficence of hot and cold baths, electric lights, steam heat, hardwood floors, and all other up-to-date appliances of civilization. The hen-house itself is a two-story structure, with its walls ornamented with pictures of fighting cocks and chickens with a pedigree, and even the roosting-rods are ornamental. The singer's farm, where this interesting sight is to be seen, is a few miles out of Chicago.

Crotchets and Quavers.

"Hooray for Ould Oireland!" were my sentiments, uttered in a loud voice, after listening to the delightful "bill of fare" given us by the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society in their annual concert, and I know I was not alone in the said sentiments, for I heard many admiring comments, while coming out of the Pavilion, about Mrs. Mackelcan's charming personality and Miss Gaylord's sweet voice, while Harry Rich was of course voted irresistible, as usual. I remember going to an I. P. S. concert four or five years ago, and noticed then the very typical audience that graced that occasion. Last Thursday's gathering was no exception, many faces being very familiar, and without being so wildly hilarious as my Scotch friends of two weeks ago they sympathized with and entered into the light and shade of Irish song and character just as intensely.

One old woman I watched a good deal. She had the regular "Irish phiz," very expressive, with that mobility so characteristic of the Irish race. When Killarney or The Exile of Erin were sung her old head fell forward and her old shoulders drooped with an air of unutterable longing and sadness. Poor old soul! She was thinking, I felt sure, of "the little green island beyant the say," which, in all probability, she will never see again.

There was a man who sat up in front who amused me immensely. He had come with the firm determination to applaud everything, and he did it, too; his face literally beamed with delight and heat. He wore a shamrock for a pin and a green necktie, and it was almost painful to note the intense joy that pervaded his countenance when the woes of The Boy and the Tack were sung, so feelingly, too, by the Toronto Male Quartette. The above mentioned quartette have the happy faculty of carrying their audience with them and making them feel. This was particularly noticeable in Zollner's Bill of Fare. People wriggled in their seats with longing and anticipation. I know that I was moved with an intense and well consuming desire to get up and go out and get me something to eat, as our American friends would say.

Mrs. Mackelcan was charming in her selections, particularly so in She Stoops to Conquer, or The Tall Maid of Japan (I don't know which title the song goes by), giving it all the archness which such a song requires. Miss Gaylord, in her sweet little gown of cream with artistic touches of green, sang as she always does, delightfully. Miss Houston, with Messrs. Jarvis and Blight, filled the rest of the bill to perfection, and Harry Rich—well, I don't think I will forget him soon, as my sides still ache a little with laughing at his inimitable character songs.

ROSALIND.

What Weaver Would Have Done.

Here is a campaign story used to illustrate General Weaver's position if elected president. A railroad was built through some of the back counties of Georgia, and an old farmer and his wife, who then saw a locomotive for the first time, stood in the doorway of their cabin, watching a train whiz by. Their dog, being also an amateur in the railway business, was running after the train barking furiously. "Do you think he'll cotch the train?" asked the old woman. "I dunno," replied the old man meditatively; "thet ain't what's worrying me. I'm wonderin' what the durn fool'll do if he does catch it."—*Argonaut.*

Too Good Picking.

Elder Berry—I had a long talk to-day with a pickpocket. He said he would reform a little later, but couldn't think of it just now.

Mrs. Berry—What is he waiting for?

Elder Berry—For chatelaine watches to go out.

"If you See it here Its good."

was the remark we accidentally overheard one lady make to another when discussing some pretty goods in our show window.

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Real Double-mounted Jet Combs and Pins, from 75c. to $4.
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Small but select stock of Paris Hand Painted Sachets, from 75c. to $6 Manicure dishes and articles of all prices. Dr. Parker Fray's goods.
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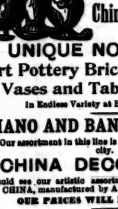

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Finely cloth bound books of the works of all the great authors, 19c.; paper covered books, 5c. and 7c.; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, $1.25.
Note paper, 7c. for 24 sheets; good square envelopes, 4c. per package.
No end of games—Halma, parchesi, "Go Bang!" Loulou, etc., from 4c. up to 35c., usually sold for from $1 to $1.50. Open evenings. Come and inspect our fine stock
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Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

grand intellect, a clean life, the first place in the nation and the possibilities which only come to the man who enters office at a critical period of a country's history, when the grandeur of his personality can make itself felt and the greatness of his heart attract every element to his support. The greatness of the opportunity brings attendant dangers. A small mistake may involve the most serious consequences; a lack of sympathy, a failure to recognize the attractiveness and influence of others may lead the people to suspect him of mean motives and a cold heart.

* *

Of course religion nominally enters into everything in Canada except horse-trades. We may deplore the fact that it has too little to do with private life and too much to do with public preferment. Sir John Thompson, as a Roman Catholic, cannot give as many privileges or as high places to Roman Catholics as Sir John Macdonald could do, and did. The restraints of office are in favor of the Protestant majority and only those who suspect the new Premier of being a bigot who is willing to sacrifice his future and destroy his place in history for the Church's sake, are willing to prophesy that he will unduly favor his co-religionists. If only he will allay their suspicions by appointing proper men to his Cabinet, he will have less trouble from the sectarianism of this country than any premier has had since it became a Dominion.

* *

The suggestions which are being made with regard to the new Cabinet are some of them of a most extraordinary character. The personal friends of "Bob" White, who does business in Montreal while he represents Cardwell, are urging him as a proper man for the Cabinet—this, too, as a representative of Ontario. Now no matter where a man's constituency may be, if he does business in Montreal and is socially and commercially regulated by his surroundings there, he cannot possibly represent an Ontario constituency. I would like to see my journalistic *confrere* elevated to the high post his merits fit him for, yet it is absurd to pass over abler men who belong to this province and pitchfork him into the Cabinet, thoroughly soaked as he is with Montreal ideas, and call him a representative of Ontario. However, in the interval between the time I write and the day when what is written reaches the eye of the readers of this page, the popular forecast may have all been found mistaken. I hope in almost every instance they have. Nothing could make me happier than the feeling that I could follow Sir John Thompson as loyally and safely as I can follow Mr. Meredith; nothing would be a greater cause of regret than that the man whose personal fitness and individual ability have gained for him the high place in Canada to which Sir John Thompson has been called, finds early occasion to forget that his own particular form of belief has not been too objectionable to those who differ with him, while remembering that W. R. Meredith has been too conscientious in his particular form of belief to be acceptable as a member of the new Cabinet.

* *

The death of Oarsman O'Connor is felt as a public bereavement. Toronto is one of those cities which has a sincere attachment for its sons who achieve eminence, and outside of this feeling is the pang with which we all notice how what seems to be the strongest tie of strong men to life is so quickly severed. O'Connor was an athlete, temperate and careful of all those rules which are supposed to tend towards strength and longevity. When a man like him dies, to the rest of us who are weaker and older and less careful comes a pang like the sudden aching of a tooth, recalling the slight hold we have upon everything here. When we see a man like O'Connor laid away we wonder that we are alive, yet how often is it that the weaker remain to cumber the earth when the strong are cut down as if they were only born as an example of how readily the toughest grass yields to the sickle. Outside of this, we miss one of those men who have made Toronto's name great in the aquatic circles of the world. We miss a good fellow, and yet again most of all is what we don't miss and what we can't forget, the painful impression of how liable this life is to end with a few whispers around the bed, the closing of the eyes and the end of all things earthly. Surely a thought like this ought to have a tendency to make us better and our lives more worthy; and yet the climax of the sad lesson is this, that we so soon forget how brittle is the thread, how great the opportunities to do good, how awful and how general is the neglect. And yet even worse than this is the realization of our weakness, physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, that with such lessons every once in a while and with the good impulses within us warring all the time against the evil and the weak, the record of such deaths, the muffled oar and the funeral bell are but the song and the sound of an hour, and on goes the dance with its heavy mornings, and its weariness, and its ineffectualness, and the absence of that good we ought to do. However, such is life. Though perhaps we ought to apologize for being alive we are glad to be here, even though we feel that we ought to be evicted from the room on earth that we occupy. Perhaps it is well that to morrow the bell will toll, the people will pause and ask "Who is dead?" The majority will say, "Oh, I didn't know him." Some will say, "Well, poor fellow, he is too young to die," and of others they will say, "Well, he was an old man who has had his share," while once in a while someone may say, may it be said of us, "We might easily have lost a worse man."

DON.

Social and Personal.

The visit of Lord and Lady Stanley to Toronto gave a fillip to society doings, and the circles of our *elite* were *en fete* during the entire week. Among the entertainments given in honor of the distinguished visitors was a lovely luncheon by Mrs. Henry Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, on Tuesday. Besides the Government House party there were present: Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Judge and Mrs. McMahon, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Sir William Howland, Mrs. Dobell of Quebec, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Capt. Walsh, A.D.C., Mr. and Mrs. H. Brock and Miss Cawthra.

*

Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski entertained their Excellencies at dinner in the evening. The party included the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dobell, Sir W. P. Howland, Sir Oliver Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Mr. Bridgeman Simpson, Mr. Gzowski and Capt. Walsh, A.D.C.

*

Two dinners were given at Government House on Monday and Thursday evenings. The Wednesday afternoon reception amounted to a *levee*, so many and stylish were the guests who paid their respects to the representatives of the Queen. Among the hundreds of gentlemen and ladies I remarked: The Lord Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Miss Drayton, Chevalier and Mrs. Throgmorton, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. Homer Dixon and the Misses Dixon, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Miss Sybil Walker, Mrs. Macquillan, the Misses Foster, Dr. Harley Smith, Dr. W. Pepler, Col. Denison, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Miss Grace Boulton, the Misses Morphy, Miss Burton, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Bendelari, Mr. Casimir Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, the Misses Mason, Mr. Parkin of New Brunswick, the Misses Parsons, Mrs. and the Misses Swabey, Miss Dewar, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Mrs. Elwood, Miss M. Lamport, Mr. Grote, Mr. Lincoln Hunter, Dr. McArthur, Capt. Magee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Strathy, Mr. Carter Troop, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Rev. Dr. Langtry, Mrs. and Miss Langtry. The Misses Seymour wore pretty gray costumes; Miss Small, pink silk with black lace; Miss Brough, gray trimmed with Persian lamb; Miss Burton, brown serge with gold and black embroidery; Mrs. Browse, handsome gray costume with ostrich feather boa to correspond; Mrs. Foy, stylish gown of pink and black silk; Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, black satin de Lyon, embroidered in jet, plush mantle and violet velvet bonnet trimmed with gold; Mrs. Hodgins, black silk; Mrs. Skae, gray tweed with gold guimpe and pretty little bonnet to match; Miss Todd, fawn costume, black hat with pink flowers; Miss M. Wilkie, *creme* cloth and a chapeau with small ostrich tips; Miss Cox, gray striped silk; Mrs. Cameron, fancy striped silk and black hat with plumes; Miss Victoria Mason, fawn tweed with black corsel trimmed with ostrich tips touched with gold; Miss Ridout, fawn serge trimmed with fur, hat to correspond; Mrs. E. Phillips, gray Bedford cord with fancy trimming and hat the same shade

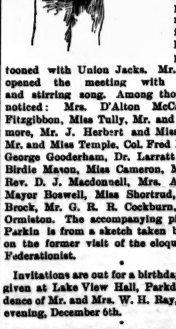
The gayest event of a very lively opening season took place on Wednesday evening, when the St. Andrew's ball called together the clans and their friends and cronies. In the first place, let us all give thanks together for a new dancing floor in the Pavilion. If we could have new walls and roof, now, it would be better still. However, the clean, smooth boards were a blessing to those who wore daintily tinted gowns. At half-past nine, with lovely punctuality, the Government House party drove up, and very soon after the Highland guard of honor marched away, and the ball was begun. Of course we were "A' Scotch tegither," and though we cannot stop satisfied with the canny Scot's commendation "No that bad," still one knows what a deal that modified and careful phrase means to the kilted dancers. It was indeed very good and pleasant at the St. Andrew's ball. Nearly a thousand guests responded to the invitations, and Toronto might well be proud of her sons and daughters. Among the distinguished party on the dais were Lord and Lady Stanley, her Excellency wearing a gray brocade in *decollette* style, with plain trained skirt and foot border of silver passementerie; the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Kirkpatrick in a handsome white and gold brocade, bordered at sleeves and corsage with jeweled passementerie; Mrs. Dobell, in a lustrous white satin, with flounce of fine lace, fulled under knots of ostrich tips; Miss Kirkpatrick, a dainty dress of pale blue and white striped silk brocade; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, in a bright red brocaded silk gown with *berthe* and trimmings of black lace and velvet; Mrs. Cosby wore a rich white brocade; Mrs. Thorburn, a rich black velvet robe; Mrs. Mortimer Clark, a lovely gray brocaded with delicate panels of flowers; Mrs. Melfort Boulton's gold-colored brocade, made in the charming one-piece style, with baby sleeves of gold satin and fan Watteau back, was a marvel of rich beauty. Mrs. John D. Hay wore a pale pink dress of velvet and clinging silk, with bodice draped in *chiffon* and looked, as usual, a handsome and stately lady. Mrs. Robert Simpson wore an elegant French gown of black *broche* with sleeves of petunia velvet. Mrs. Thomas Hodgins wore a red silk gown with jet trimmings. Mrs. G. T. Denison, a lovely gold and white striped brocade, with green velvet sleeves and deep lace bretelles; Mrs. Kerr Osborne, a very stylish gown of old-rose silk and green velvet; Mrs. John Davidson was in white silk and lace; Mrs. Pope wore black lace; Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, a very pretty deep pink and white gown; Mrs. Allan McNab of Wellesley street was a picture in a dainty yellow India silk, with baby sleeves of velvet of a deeper shade; Mrs. Cecil Gibson looked sweet and pretty in a dainty striped silk, with rose-pink velvet sleeves and falls of white lace; Miss Hornibrook wore a stylish white dress, with pale green velvet sleeves and bretelles; Miss Ferguson wore a rich cream white silk with green velvet trimmings and passementerie; Miss Walker, a white rainbow striped silk with blue velvet sleeves; Miss Macbeth Milligan, a cream white silk with pale green velvet sleeves; Miss Hodgins, white silk with deep lace *berthe;* Miss Gunther, pale blue with dark velvet sleeves; Miss Grantham, one of the season's belles, Nile green silk; Miss Gertrude Thompson, another sweet *debutante*, white corded silk and *chiffon;* Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, gray brocade and velvet, a very handsome gown; Mrs. Hume Brown was charming in a most becoming dress of deep yellow silk with black velvet sleeves; Miss Mathilde Chopitea, who was much admired, wore a lovely white and rose velvet dress, with white lace. Miss Pope wore white silk. Miss Daisy Ince also wore white silk. Miss Laing looked beautiful in white with gold passementerie. A very lovely gown was Mrs. Arnoldi's gold-colored brocade heliotrope velvet sleeves. Miss Milligan wore a heliotrope gown; Miss Ida Milligan, white silk; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, pale green bengaline, with empire bodice and skirt bordered with pink blossoms; Mrs. Dickson, a graceful heliotrope silk empire gown; Mrs. J. F. Pringle, black silk and lace, pink ostrich feather *berthe;* Mrs. Mulock wore a very rich gray brocade with darker shade of velvet; Mrs. Herbert Mason was gowned in silk and velvet of the new dark petunia shade, with falls of Irish lace. Miss Alice Mason wore a charming gown in white and delicate stripes, with rose velvet sleeves and in rich white lace. Miss S. Mason looked piquante in a pretty white dress. Mrs. Hall wore black lace and velvet; Mrs. Irving Cameron, cream silk and yellow velvet trimming. Miss Lulu Gooderham looked charming in white silk and green velvet. Another handsome gown was worn by Miss Gooderham of Bloor street, of cream silk, with corsage bands of blue velvet. Mrs. Dan Rose wore a most becoming dress of Nile green silk and moss green velvet. Mrs. Fred Denison was in black, with lace and coral ornaments; Miss Beatty deep red and black lace; Mrs. Jack King, pale green, with Louis XIV. coat; Mrs. Alan Cassels, a wonderful gown of some quaint material, imported from the Philippine Islands; Miss King, biscuit silk mull, green velvet sleeves; Mrs. Cecil Lee, cream silk and brown velvet, a gown which was extremely *chic;* Mrs. Grantham, garnet silk and white lace; Mrs. Ryerson, cream brocade with puce velvet sleeves; Mrs. James Crowther wore a very dainty dress of pale blue silk and white moire sleeves and ribbons. Miss Tena Hughes was charming in white gros grain silk and lace. Miss Ethel Pate wore a pretty pink gown. Miss May Hughes wore a most becoming dress of shell pink and green velvet. Mrs. Scales wore yellow whipcord silk with an elegant flounce of duchess lace and sleeves of yellow velvet. Miss Rogers of New York was a lovely *debutante* in whip-cord silk; Mrs. E. Cox looked most piquante in flame-colored gauze with gold threads, which suited her dark hair and eyes to perfection; Mrs. Reuben Simpson wore lavender faille with pearl passementerie; Miss Potter of Massachusetts, blue silk under black lace with *berthe* of forget-me-nots; Mrs. Pyne, a dainty pale blue silk with silver passementerie; Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, white silk with ostrich feathers and Robertson tartan ribbons; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, cream white brocade with rose velvet panel brocade and knot of Macdonald tartan ribbon; Mrs. Graham McPherson, cream camelette (a lovely material) with ribbons of Macpherson tartan; Miss Whatmough, pink bengaline with green velvet sleeves; Miss Woodbridge, maize-colored silk tissel gauze, with velvet trimmings; Mrs. Percy Beatty, pale blue; Miss Dunn of Vancouver, blue silk and embroidered lisse.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Catto's At Home on Thursday of last week was very largely attended, and the first dance in their new home was in every way a success. The orchestra was stationed in the hall and dancing was indulged in in the large east rooms, the west parlors being used as a boudoir and reception room. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Burdett Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibson, Mrs. Rannie, Misses Darling, D. Gooderham, Millichamp, Ellis, Harold, Crawford, Buchan, Wood, Burgess, Shaw, Hedley, McCall, Lash, Kemp, Taylor, Love; Messrs. Frank Gray, Langley, Kirkpatrick, Burgess, Percy, Horvocks, D. McCall, A. Creelman, Douglass, Leslie, Davidson, Millichamp, C. Crawford, Livingston, Fred Gray, Laidlaw.

*

Last Tuesday evening the Auditorium was the scene of a large gathering of loyal and enthusiastic people, among whom were many prominent M. P.'s and clergymen and a large number of Toronto's fair sex, who listened most attentively to Mr. George R. Parkin's eloquent address for Imperial Federation. Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison was chairman and introduced the speaker, Mr. Parkin of New Brunswick, in a pleasing manner. The platform and galleries were prettily festooned with Union Jacks. Mr. Warrington opened the meeting with a patriotic and stirring song. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Tully, Mr. and Miss Beardmore, Mr. J. Herbert and Miss S. Mason, Mr. and Miss Temple, Col. Fred Denison, Mr. George Gooderham, Dr. Larratt Smith, Miss Birdie Mason, Miss Cameron, Mr. Houston, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Mrs. Atkinson, ex-Mayor Boswell, Miss Shortrud, Mr. W. R. Brock, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Lieut.-Col. Ormiston. The accompanying picture of Mr. Parkin is from a sketch taken by our artist on the former visit of the eloquent Imperial Federationist.



*

Invitations are out for a birthday party to be given at Lake View Hall, Parkdale, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ray, for Tuesday evening, December 6th.

*

The latest pretty fancy of our society folk is the telephone tea. Madame takes the idea of having her friends with her, for a little cosy chat on some murky afternoon. She takes also her telephone book and calls up all the members she wants, then she calls up Webb, or whatever caterer her palate fancies. And the telephone tea is *au fait accompli.*

*

The Fortnightly Review of Harbord street Collegiate Institute is the newest thing in newspaperdom. As its name implies, it will come out every two weeks, is issued by the students under the patronage of the teachers, and will have the interests and gossip of the Institute for its particular field. Here is its somewhat imposing staff: Mr. W. T. Allison, editor-in-chief; Miss G. Swansey and Mr. J. S. McCullough, associate editors; Mr. J. C. Shields, business manager; Messrs. H. Fairhead and J. L. R. Parsons, assistant managers; Mr. S. Simousky, secretary; Mr. M. J. Singer, treasurer.

*

Miss Edith Belfort is paying Mrs. Bendelari a short visit on her way to Chicago.

*

Mrs. Drayton had a very pleasant tea last Saturday, at which a number of society people were present.

*

Cards are out for a ball at Mrs. William Mulock's on Wednesday evening next.

*

Mrs. and the Misses Wilkes of 84 Gloucester street are at home to their friends this afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

*

Cards are out for the marriage of Mrs. Lillie M. Secord, *nee* Miles, to Mr. Harry H. Davis, on December 5, at Hamilton.

*

Mr. Ward Pilfield of St. John, N. B., has been in the city this week *en route* for England, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Boisseau, 563 Sherbourne street.

*

Messrs. W. E. and A. Burritt have returned from a four months' trip on the continent.

*

M. W. Ranley of Hull, P. Q., was in town this week.

*

An old-fashioned party was given by Mr. and Mrs. James Beatty of Church street lately, which was one of the pleasantest affairs of the season. Cards and music were indulged in, and all enjoyed themselves immensely. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Snow, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Major Stewart of Ottawa, Miss Deuzil, Mrs. Bendelari, Miss Belfort, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Freeland, Mrs. Henry Thompson, Mrs. Dickson Patterson and Miss Lay.

*

Miss Eva Gooderham had a lovely young people's party on Tuesday evening. It was an impromptu but most pleasant dance.

*

Mrs. Neville's annual school dance was given last evening. The young people had a most delightful evening, and their friends were well entertained.

*

A number of young folks' parties are on hand for this month. Miss Ethel Mulock will receive her young friends on December 9. The Misses Jermyn had a juvenile dance last evening. Master Howard Irish was also At Home last evening to a merry party.

*

The At Home or annual meeting of the Infants' Home was a very interesting affair. A large attendance of fashionable people who have a gentle thought for the poor babies was proof of the popularity of the Home. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Dobell were present. Among other guests were: Mrs. John Ridout, the first president of the board, who is still a bright and active worker, Mesdames T. Hodgins, Crowther, Parsons, McLean Howard, Bendelari, Arnoldi, Grantham, F. Osler, Meredith and Williamson. Sir William Howland presided. Five o'clock tea was served in dainty style. The various florists who beautified the Home with their choicest flowers are worthy of special thanks therefor.

*

Miss Mabel Gardner of Sullivan street has left for New York to pay an extended visit to Mrs. A. Kane (Attalie Clare) of that city.

*

Miss Dunn, from Vancouver, who has been spending the summer in England and on the Continent, is visiting Miss Woodbridge.

*

Another nice little tramp was taken this week by Mr. Arthur Jarvis, son of Mr. R. Jarvis, and Mr. Will Meakin, of Hamilton, who covered the road from Waterloo to Hamilton in nine hours.

*

The Comus Club gave a pleasant At Home on Friday of last week in their rooms in the Yonge street arcade. Progressive euchre, dancing and music filled up a most enjoyable evening.

*

Miss Edith Brown, 84 Melbourne avenue, gave a very enjoyable tea last Monday. Among those present were: The Misses Harrison, Oliver, Pyke, Wingfield, Hemming, Evans, Harris, Culverwell, Bryson and Fahey.

*

Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Patton have returned from an extended and most enjoyable trip, and will be at home to their friends next week.

*

A University house-warming was given last Tuesday evening by the officers and members of the Methodist Social Union at Victoria College, which was a most charming and sociable reunion. The soft strains of the

Continued on Page Thirteen.

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Out of Town.

St. Catharines.

Mrs. S. D. Woodruff gave a most delightful party at the De Veaux hall on Thursday evening, November 17. The spacious parlors were tastefully decorated, and the pretty faces and handsome costumes made a scene worthy to be described. Music was furnished by the best local orchestra, and the delicious supper from Webb's was enjoyed by all. The programme consisted of twenty-one dances and a few extras. Those present were: Judge and Mrs. Senkler, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Clench, Dr. and Mrs. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Neelon, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Riordan (Queen's park, Toronto), Dr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Groves, Mr. and Mrs. H. Carlisle, Miss Eccles, Miss Ingersoll, Miss Smith, the Misses Mack, the Misses Larkin, the Misses Merritt, the Misses Holmes, Miss McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Woodruff, Miss L. Woodruff, Miss Ida Woodruff, Miss Wood of Kansas City, Miss E. Bate, Miss A. Benson, the Misses Clark, Miss Shaw, Mrs. H. Miller, Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. W. T. Benson, Miss St. John, and Messrs. Crombie, Collier, Kilgour, Ramage, Symmes, Reynolds, Chatterton, Jemmett, Lampman, Price, Bixby, Helliwell, Carlisle, Macdonald, P. Merritt, J. Moore, Shaw, H. Woodruff, Mellor, Bate, Clark, and others. The most striking costumes were: Mrs. Senkler, black velvet; Mrs. Mack, black lace over white silk; Mrs. S. D. Woodruff, black and mauve and diamonds; Mrs. Charles Riordan, black velvet and jet diamond ornaments; Mrs. W. D. Woodruff, white brocaded satin and pearl ornaments; Mrs. H. Taylor, white satin, marabout trimming; Mrs. W. Price, white satin and gauze; Mrs. (Dr.) Merritt, white silk *crepe* and passementerie; Mrs. E. Neelon, old rose satin and embroidered *chifon;* Mrs. W. T. Benson, cream satin and *chifon;* Mrs. A. Woodruff, lemon-colored silk and white lace; Mrs. Groves, black and yellow with buttercups; Miss Larkin, pale green and passementerie; Miss A. Larkin, pale pink and pearl trimming; Miss Ingersoll, yellow silk; Miss E. Bate, pale green silk and white lace; Miss Wood, pale blue striped gauze; Miss B. Clark, yellow and white; Miss McLaren, pale green surah; Miss Mack, white lace over white moire, crystal girdle; Miss C. Mack, cream lace and marguerites; Miss Amy Riordan, white silk tissue; Miss St. John, pale blue *crepe;* Miss Merritt, pink and green; Miss Helen Merritt, yellow gauze over silk.

Mrs. W. T. Benson entertained a large number of friends on Saturday afternoon, November 19th, from four until seven. The rooms were tastefully arranged and softly lighted in different shades, and the refreshments were delicious. Mrs. Benson was assisted by Mrs. Heward Helliwell, Miss Annie Larkin and the Misses Mack. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woodruff, Miss Riordan of Toronto, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. G. Neelon, Mrs. C. I. Benson, Miss Annie Benson, Mrs. H. Taylor, Miss Murray, the Misses Bate, Mrs. J. Taylor, Miss Benson, Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, the Misses Merritt, Rev. and Mrs. Kerr, the Misses Clark, Mrs. Currie, Mrs. G. D. Woodruff, Mrs. Senkler, Messrs. Ramage, Clark, Kilgour, Boyle, Chatterton, Moore, Collier, Helliwell, Merritt, Bate, and others.

Mrs. M. Ellis gave a large At Home on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 17th, at which a great number were present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Helliwell spent a few days with Mrs. T. L. Helliwell on their return to Toronto.

The second entertainment of the Fortnightly Junior Euchre Club was given by Miss Amy Larkin on Monday evening, Nov. 21st. Progressive six hand euchre was played until eleven o'clock, and then after the delicious refreshments were partaken of, dancing was indulged in until nearly three o'clock. Among those present were these members of the Fortnightly Club: Miss Jessie Fenton, Miss Maggie Dawson, the Misses Mack, Miss Annie Benson, Miss May, Miss McLaren, Miss Emily Bate, Miss Helen Merritt, and Miss King. Others present were: Miss Bessie Clark, Miss McManus, Buffalo, Miss Ingersoll, Miss Smith, Miss Wood, Miss L. Woodruff, Miss A. Fenton. Some of the prettiest costumes I noticed were worn by Miss L. Woodruff, black and red; Miss E. Bate, blue *crepe* and *chiffon;* Miss Fenton, pale yellow; Miss Jessie Fenton, white embroidered *crepe;* Miss Mack, salmon-pink trimmed with jet; Miss C. Mack, pale blue trimmed with steel; Miss McLaren, white surah; Miss Helen Merritt, white silk. The gentlemen present were: Messrs. McClean, Stuart, White, Ramage, Boyle, Bate, Chatterton, Lampman, Jemmett, Simmes, Merritt, Helliwell, Coy, Woodruff, Shaw, Price and others.

Mrs. Mortimer Neelon gave a large progressive euchre on Thursday evening, November 24. Those present were: Judge and Mrs. Senkler, Mr. and Mrs. McClive, Mr. and Mrs. Barnum, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mrs. A. Woodruff, Mrs. S. D. Woodruff, Miss Eccles, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. and the Misses Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, the Misses Fenton, Miss Arnold, the Misses Clark, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Woodruff, Mrs. Heward Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Carlisle, Miss Ingersoll, Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Miss Helen Merritt, Mrs. Neelon, Mrs. Arnold, Messrs. Clark, McClean, Read, Smith, Merritt, Coy, Helliwell, Ramage, Bixby and others.

Mrs. J. P. Merritt of Oak Hill gave a large reception in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. (Dr.) Merritt, on Tuesday evening, November 22. Dancing and cards were kept up until very late, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Merritt, Miss Benson, Judge and Mrs. Senkler, Mr. and Mrs. McClive, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Clench, Mr. and Mrs. Neelon, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Groves, Mr. and Mrs. McClelland, Mrs. Haynes, Dr. and Mrs. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. Fenton, Mrs. H. Helliwell, Mrs. W. T. Benson, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ingersoll, Dr. and Mrs. Merritt, Miss Ingersoll, the Misses Clark, the Misses Larkin, the Misses Fenton, the Misses Mack, Miss King, Miss Ray, Miss A. Benson, Miss E. Bate, Mrs. A. S. Woodruff, Miss Amy Riordan, and Messrs. Woodruff, Kilgour, Ramage, Boyle, Chatterton, Campbell, Clark, Helliwell, Bate, Collier, Elliot (of Niagara Falls), Crombie, Stuart, White, McClean, Symmes, Jemmett, Lampman, McDonald, Merritt and others. Some of the prettiest costumes were: Mrs. McClive, salmon pink and black; Mrs. Armitage, black lace; Mrs. R. G. Cox, gray bengaline; Mrs. Ingersoll, yellow and green; Mrs. Mack, black and white moire, and white lace; Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, black satin and red *chifon;* Mrs. H. Helliwell, white china silk and salmon-pink trimmings; Mrs. W. T. Benson, yellow satin and black lace; Mrs. Mortimer Neelon, pale green and pink *chiffon;* Miss E. B. Bate, white *chiffon* over white silk; Miss Nav, black net; Miss Mack, white lace and yellow *chiffon;* Miss C. Mack, white and pink; Miss Larkin, heliotrope *crepe* and violets; Miss A. Larkin, white embroidered *crepe;* Miss Amy Riordan, white gauze; Mrs. W. D. Woodruff, white and yellow; Mrs. (Dr.) Merritt, empire gown of white and silk *crepe* with passementerie; Miss L. Woodruff, white surah; Miss Trenton, lavender and violets; Miss J. Trenton, pale pink and green; Mrs. Groves, pale pink and jet. KIT.

Hamilton.

The dance given last Wednesday evening by Mrs. Bruce of Cotehele proved to be, as was anticipated, a brilliant success. Nearly one hundred of the *elite* filled the spacious and artistic rooms. The drawing and dining-rooms were set apart for dancing and had waxed floors, which made this part of the entertainment most enjoyable. Mrs. Bruce received in black lace and silk ribbons of red, and Miss Bruce was attired in a *chic* little gown of white silk. Miss Douglas Bruce, the *debutante* of the evening, was robed in a becoming gown of white and silver texture and wore a bouquet of carnations. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Bankier, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Young, Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Morris, Misses McInnes, Gunn, Walker, Hendrie, Leggat, Harvey, Watson, Dunlop, Gartshore, Mills, Sanford, E. Harvey, Ramsay, Howard, Mackelcan, Lucas, Cayley (of Toronto), Ridley, Farmer (of Ancaster), Dewar, O'Reilly, Hubbard (of Ancaster), and Sutherland; Messrs. Ferrie, Gillespie, Beatty, Martin, Sanford, J. Harvey, Davidson, G. and H. Gates, Patterson, Greening, Dewar, Bull, Baker, McInnes, Grassett, Southam, D. Martin, Ellwood, J. H. Stuart and others. The gowns were extremely handsome and artistic. Mrs. Lucas wore a pretty gown of gray silk with lace overdress; Mrs. J. M. Young's costume was pink brocade; Mrs. Wright wore a becoming gown of white silk with empire sleeves of emerald green velvet; Mrs. F. Mackelcan's gown was a *chic* combination of exquisite brocade with pale green velvet sleeves and lace; Mrs. Thomson's beauty was more charming than ever and she wore a pretty black lace gown; Mrs. Hobson wore old rose silk; Miss Leggat's gown of white satin with otter was much admired; Miss Bessie Leggat wore white *chifon* with lilacs; Miss Sanford wore a pretty gown of white silk and lace; Miss Tina Hendrie, an ancient gown of white muslin with lace, which was becoming; Miss Ramsay looked very smart in a terry brocade; Miss Lucas was attired in pink *crepon;* Miss Gartshore wore a pretty combination in pink and blue; Miss Kate Turner looked handsome, as usual, in pale green and yellow; Miss Dunlop's gown was pale yellow and amber velvet with gold; Miss Sophie Ridley was much admired in white silk *lisse;* Miss Farmer was picturesque in mauve and white; Miss Dewar looked well in yellow and white; Miss Colina Ferrie, a *debutante*, was prettily gowned in white; Miss Gussie McInnes was *chic* in heliotrope and yellow; Miss Eva Watson, our piquant belle, was prettily attired in *eau-de-nil.* The flowers worn on this occasion were worthy of mention. Many bouquets of hyacinths, carnations, chrysanthemums and roses were constructed in most artistic fashions, and the belles of Hamilton were never fairer. Mr. Ralph Bruce made an excellent host, as he always does.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodge of St. Catharines were the guests of Mrs. F. W. Walker, Bay street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hendrie returned from England on Saturday last.

The Misses Roach have arrived home after four months spent in England and France.

Mrs. James Wise will give an afternoon tea on Friday, December 2nd.

There are rumors of a ball to be given by the cricket and football clubs early in January.

Miss Cilmie Ramsay of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Ramsay, Dundin.

Miss Lottridge and Miss Grant attended a dance given in Whitby last Friday evening.

A party of Hamiltonians spent from Saturday until Monday in Buffalo at the Niagara hotel. Among those who participated in this enjoyable trip were: Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Counsell, Miss Faulkner, Miss Dunlop, Messrs. Baker, Macpherson and Hope.

Miss MacDonald returned from a five years' tour through Germany and England, and a little romance is connected with this young lady's journey out on board ship which will result in a wedding, which takes place in February.

Mrs. Lucas Rowanhurst gives a large dance on Thursday evening, which will be attended by the four hundred of Hamilton society.

Mrs. Hendrie, Holmstead, gave a large reception on Friday evening in honor of her niece, Miss Bella Gillies, one of the sweetest *debutantes* this year. The hour of invitation was from nine to twelve, and during that time the guests were thronging through the spacious mansion. Mrs. Hendrie wore a handsome blue brocade with diamond tiara; Miss Gillies' gown, made *a la* Josephine, was exquisite, the material being rich white satin. She carried a huge bouquet of hyacinths with a wreath of same in her hair. Mrs. Braithwaite wore a handsome gown of white and yellow; Mrs. C. J. Jones, a becoming gown of pearl and gray silk; Mrs. Gartshore, always handsome, an exquisite shade of heliotrope; Mrs. Sanford, a beautiful gown of black velvet and diamonds and bouquet of purple orchids; Mrs. Mackelcan also looked queenly in black velvet and jet; Mrs. Steele wore one of the prettiest gowns, white mouse and gold; Mrs. Turnbull wore a blue silk with black stripes; Miss Erie Turner looked well in white; Miss Douglas Bruce, pale green silk; Miss Constance Lucas, gray and blue silk; Miss Otter of Toronto, pale blue silk; Miss Anna Laidlaw was prettily gowned in pink silk; Miss Edith Bull, in pale blue and *chifon;* Miss Annie Gillard, gray and *vieux*-rose velvet. So many were the costumes that I might write on forever expatiating on their beauty, but time and space forbid.

The Walking Club met at Miss Gussie McInnes' last Saturday and wended their way to the residence of Mrs. Dewar, Mountain Top, and partook of afternoon tea. Those present were: Mesdames Morris, Newburn and G. C. Thomson, Misses Turner, McInnes, O'Reilly, Mills and Watson.

Mr. Myles Hamilton has returned from his holidays.

Miss Curtis of Watertown, N.Y., is the guest of Mrs. K. S. Morris, MacNab street.

Miss Mackenzie gave a small tea on Monday afternoon. Those present were: Misses Fuller, Faulkner, Dewar, Mills, Sanford, Hendrie, Harvey, Leggat, Bell, Glassco, Stark, Alexander, Moore, Moreton, Dunlop, Gillies, Gillard, Gartshore and many others. SYLVIA.

Orillia.

The first chrysanthemum wedding in this town and undoubtedly the prettiest of the season was that which was celebrated on Tuesday morning, November 22, in the chapel of the church of the Angel's Guardian, when Miss Teresa McDonnell and P. A. Brown, M. D., of this town were married. The bride is the daughter of the late Alexander McDonnell of Alexandria, who was drowned some years ago in the Asia, while the groom is the son of Mr. M. Brown of Oshawa. The ceremony's chief charm consisted in the charming effect of the chrysanthemums. From the chancel steps to the altar rails, an aisle was formed of potted chrysanthemums, while the doors and windows were decorated with the same beautiful flowers. The chapel was crowded and many were refused admittance owing to the limited space. The bride looked handsome, stately and sweet in a gown of navy blue broadcloth trimmed with moss trimming, with hat and feathers of the same color intermingled with electric blue, and carried a beautiful bouquet of lilies of the valley surrounded with white rose buds and fringed with chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid, Miss Lillian Forrest of Toronto, looked bewitching in a charming gown of cadet blue embroidered with chrysanthemums, and hat of cadet velvet intermingled with rose-pink and pale blue, to which her bouquet of chrysanthemums formed a pretty contrast. The groom was supported by Robert R. Slavan, son of ex-Mayor Slavan of Orillia. The ceremony was performed by Arch-deacon Campbell, assisted by Rev. J. Duffy. The bride was given away by her cousin, Dr. McDonnell of this town. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at Faag'nan Guibhas, the residence of Dr. McDonnell, where in the dining-room eight tables were decorated with chrysanthemums, ferns and roses. After the breakfast Dr. and Mrs. Brown left on the 8.15 train, amidst showers of rice and good wishes, for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and other American cities. The bride received many handsome and costly gifts. On their return they will take up residence in Orillia. TOBBY.

Belleville.

On Friday evening the young bachelors of St. Michael's church gave a very pleasant informal dance to those ladies of St. Michael's who had worked so diligently and indefatigably to make the late bazaar such a financial success. The dancing academy was beautifully decorated for the occasion and presented a very gay appearance as the handsome ladies with their gay cavaliers "tripped the light fantastic" until the "wee sma' hours." Refreshments were served by Caterer Fleming at 12.30. Among those whom I noticed were: Miss Davy and Miss Lulu Davy, in mauve silk; Miss Grace, pale blue with white silk trimmings; Miss Maskie, in cardinal; Miss Ethel Mackie, canary *crepe;* Miss McDonald, black and crimson; Miss Dolan, dove-gray silk with yellow accessories; Miss Hayes, black bengaline with cut jet trimmings; Miss Power, shaded blue silk; Miss Graham, pearl-gray with silver trimming; Miss Tessie Graham, green silk trimmed with gray Persian lamb. From such a galaxy of beauty it was almost impossible to choose the fairest, yet many of the gentlemen accorded the palm to Miss Davy, who is one of our handsomest and most accomplished young ladies. The stewards were: Dr. Dolan and Messrs. C. D. McCaulay, J. Nevin Doyle, J. J. Lynch, C. McHugh and Thomas Power.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Drewny have returned to the city after a three months' sojourn in England.

C. E Lyons, barrister, spent several days in Toronto this week on legal business.

Mr. Harry Stanton of Lindsay and Mr. R. S. Young, U. S. consul at Peterboro', are in the city, the guests of Mr. Stanton at his beautiful residence, Braybroke.

The numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler will regret to hear that they are about to remove from this city to Toronto. During their three years' stay in this city Mrs. Pepler endeared herself to the hearts of all by her graciousness and sweetness of disposition, and in her removal Belleville loses one of its most charming hostesses and brilliant planistes.

Rumor has it that Mr. W. W. Power, proprietor of the Queen's, has sold the hotel to Mr. Jas. Jenkins, and will go to the South for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Robt. McCaulay, Mr. T. D. Young and Mr. T. D. Bleasdell of Trenton were in the city during the past week.

The engagement of Miss Hattie Davern to Mr. R. J. McCormick of Toronto has just been announced.

The skating rink will be formally opened by a fancy dress carnival next week, weather permitting.

The Bachelors intend giving their annual ball the first Wednesday after New Year's. PEARL.

Clinton.

Rev. Mr. Fairlie, late of Meaford, preached his first sermon here last Sunday, and in a quiet, sensible way told the congregation what his duties were and what he expected from them. He seemed to have the power of charming his hearers, who could not fail to profit by his discourse.

There was an informal gathering of the friends of the Misses Mountcastle at their residence, The Wigwam, on Saturday evening, 26th, to give expression to their good wishes, it being the birthday of our artist, authoress, and poetess, Clara H. Mountcastle. The evening was spent in viewing the rare and beautiful collection of pictures and in singing and instrumental music. Our triune genius has been ill for many weeks but is now improving in health.

Port Hope.

The charming afternoon tea given by Mrs. Wilfred Robertson of Bedford street was a decided success. The prettily tinted lights lent a peculiar charm to the many fair faces present. Among the invited guests were: Mrs. Horseford, Mrs. Craig, the Misses Patterson, Mrs. Smart, Miss Helen Quay, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. and Miss Passmore, the Misses Corbett, Mrs. and Miss Chisholm, Mrs. Henshaw, Miss Renwick, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Crack, Mrs. Mulholland, Mrs. and Miss Robertson and many others.

Miss Burnham has returned from Belleville.

Mrs. Quay has returned from Montreal. PORTIA.

Mrs. de Ruyter—Mr. Carraway, I shall have to go elsewhere for my stamps unless the quality of the gum on the back improves. It is exerable.

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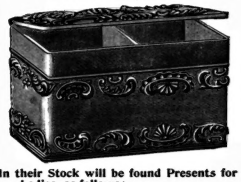
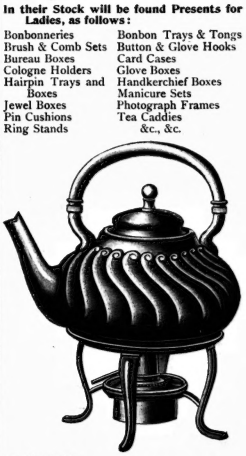


In their Stock will be found Presents for Ladies, as follows:

Bonbonneries	Bonbon Trays & Tongs
Brush & Comb Sets	Button & Glove Hooks
Bureau Boxes	Card Cases
Cologne Holders	Glove Boxes
Hairpin Trays and Boxes	Handkerchief Boxes
	Manicure Sets
Jewel Boxes	Photograph Frames
Pin Cushions	Tea Caddies
Ring Stands	&c., &c.



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Bread Trays	Bread Knives
Bread Forks	Breakfast Cruets
Chafing and Entree Dishes	Crumb Trays and Knives
Cutlery—Carvers and Table	Coffee Sets (after Dinner)
Candelabra & Candlesticks	Fern Dishes and Fern Pots
Ice Tubs, Ice Pails & Wine Coolers	Muffineers
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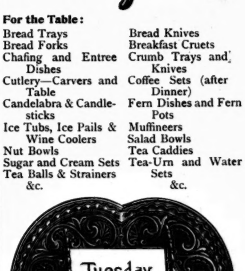
Nut Bowls	Tea Caddies
Sugar and Cream Sets	Tea-Urn and Water Sets
Tea Balls & Strainers &c.	&c.



For Gentlemen:

Ash Trays	Brush and Comb Sets
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Tobacco Boxes & Jars	&c., &c.

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By JOSEPH HATTON

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CHAPTER I.

THE VILLAGE OF HEART'S DELIGHT.

There was not much glory in being the belle of Heart's Delight. Hannah Plympton had really no rivals. She was the daughter of the father of the settlement and she was beautiful. What is more, she was good. There were other girls, it is true, that were attractive to the men of the young colony, and others that were worthy and desirable; but none of them had the natural grace and charm of manner that belonged to Hannah. Although she was born in Newfoundland, she had inherited the fair complexion, the grave blue eyes, the fine rounded figure and the sweet voice of her Devonshire ancestry. The other villagers were colonial, in their tanned faces, their rough ways, and their coarse clothing; Hannah might have been a town beauty, possessed of the latest fashions. There are men who are born gentlemen spite of their gutter pedigree. There are women whose refinement of thought and character hold out against the roughest environment. In Hannah Plympton, Nature had repeated the virtues of some high born Devonshire dame belonging to the Eliots and Gilberts of the glorious reign of Elizabeth.

Not only was Hannah the belle of Heart's Delight, she was its good angel; and Alan Keith, whenever he thought of the possibilities of his love for her, felt as if he had committed a sacrilege, she seemed so far above him and so entirely the special right and privilege of the community. For any man to dream of taking her unto himself—although Alan did think very much in that direction—appeared on reflection even to Alan to be a daring and selfish presumption. Moreover, Hannah's father still lived, hale, hearty and of a proud stomach. Who would dare ask him to resign his place as Hannah's protector? Or to ask Hannah to leave the Great House for the abode of some humble man!—for though they were free and independent—when the fishing admiral had sailed away for half the year—they were all humble men at Heart's Delight compared with David Plympton. He was the master of the village and superior to all the rest of the people there, both as to lands, moneys, education and authority. Not that he had any official power; none in the least. His authority was the outcome of personal character, and the result of general acquiescence. Plympton was a Devonshire man; Alan Keith came from Perth. Alan was a bright, clever fellow, of fine build, with long, swinging arms, and great, powerful hands. Awkward perhaps, as tall, strong men often are, but wonderfully handy; a famous sailor, with a big genial laugh; tender-hearted, but hot in temper; bared his throat to the weather even in winter; wore long, heavy boots, a rough jerkin and belt, with a slouch hat and a blue neckerchief that had long, flying ends, like the streamers of a ship; frank and outspoken as his face indicated, Alan had nevertheless brooded in secret over his love for Hannah Plympton. He had not even dared to whisper it in chapel; he would as soon have thought of telling her father as the priest, and he might have trusted young Father Lavello, who was one of the most sympathetic and discreet of churchmen.

Of course Hannah knew that Alan loved her. Nor did she resent his presumption. She did not, however, know that it was a case of love at first sight; that Alan had bribed a fishing admiral to leave him behind at the fisheries, on his very first trip three years previously, all for love of her. Alan was no ordinary fisherman. He had prospects and expectations in Perth; he could have been a master himself by this time if he had chosen to go home. He had been well trained so far as the sea was concerned; he was a clever marine, a keen and successful fisherman. She delighted to hear Alan talk with his pleasant Scotch accent, and he was fascinated with her soft sweet voice. Both Plympton and his daughter spoke with something of the dialect of Drake and Frobisher, and Plympton gloried in this reminiscence of his native country.

Alan had built himself a hut in the harbor a little distance from the Great House, and he would sit on summer nights smoking and watching Hannah's window until the light went out, dreaming all kinds of schemes for approaching what always seemed to him the impossibility upon which his heart was set; and Hannah never discouraged the praises of Sally Mumford, her one single domestic, who with Patrick Doolan shared with her the duties and responsibilities of the Great House—the fishing stage, and the fish flakes, not to mention the garden patch that belonged to the Plympton domain.

It was in the days of the third George of England when the personal history of our story begins. They were turbulent times. Indeed, the times had been turbulent for many a long year. Looking back with the guide of a systematized history, England seemed to be doing little else than fight and make peace, and fight and make peace again. Treaties of amity and declarations of war followed at intervals in regular succession. Our foes only made peace when they could fight no longer, to break their treaties as soon as they had made fresh alliances and deemed themselves strong once more, or the English sufficiently weak for the attack.

So for the history of the past; so for the history of the present, at the time when Alan Keith pondered over his daring venture of proposing to Master Plympton for the hand of his beloved daughter Hannah.

The scene was the little fishing village of Heart's Delight, not many miles from St. John's, Newfoundland, with its rough stages and fish flakes for drying cod, and its few scattered homes and bits of garden. At one time this seed of a colony had promised to flourish. It was almost the first settlement that had been permitted to exist under the rights and privileges granted to the first pioneer; but in the days of David Plympton, Newfoundland had long been subject to a systematic persecution, which in the light of the present time seems as strange and unnatural as it was short-sighted and cruel.

When the first pioneer, Sir David Kirke, was restored to the rights given and taken back and finally re-endowed by Cromwell, the entire island of Newfoundland contained a population of three hundred and fifty families, or about two thousand inhabitants, scattered in fifteen small settlements, one of which Plympton's father, an original settler, had called Heart's Delight. They were the resident community.

Besides these, there was a floating population of several thousands, who arrived in summer to fish, and left with the autumn. Hundreds of vessels from England, and many from France, anchored at the fisheries and salted their takes ashore. As far as the English were concerned, the fisheries were carried on by merchants and ship-owners and traders from the West of England. They were hostile to the settlers regarding them as interlopers and desiring the harbors and coves for the use of their servants while engaged in curing the fish. So great did their influence become that they induced the home Government to make repressive laws, by which the act of settling became illegal, and the island was administered periodically as a training ground for the navy. Settlement of any kind was prohibited within six miles of the shore, and this was intended to apply to the existing residents, any others being forbidden to proceed to the country for the purposes of colonization. All fishermen were commanded at the close of each season to return to England. Masters of vessels were bound in money fines of a serious amount to carry back to England such persons as they took out, and all plantations in Newfoundland were rigorously discouraged.

A hundred years ago the Governor for the time being sharply rebuked a sheriff for having, during his absence, permitted a resident to erect a fence; ordered certain sheds or huts, erected as shelters, to be removed; and prohibited the erection of chimneys to other huts, or even the lighting of fires therein under any pretense whatever. It was enacted that the master of the first ship arriving at the fisheries from England should be admiral of the harbor in which he cast anchor, the masters of the second and third should be vice-admiral and rear-admiral. The first had the privilege of reserving as much of the beach as he required for his own use. These men-servants of the capitalists, or owners of ships themselves, had a direct interest in the questions of property and other social and political matters that came before them in their magisterial capacities. They dispensed what they called justice on the decks of their vessels. Disputes arising between the inhabitants and the migratory fishing folks were adjudicated by the fishing admirals. In the eyes of these judges the highest offence a man could be guilty of was the cultivation of the soil or the building of a house. They took, without hesitation, such buildings for their own use or destroyed them, and committed all kinds of excesses against the person as well as against property.

In the autumn they sailed away with all their crews and servants, leaving the settlements without even a semblance of law or order; some of them in a state of anarchy and a prey to lawless adventurers; others, however, blessed with good strong men capable of leading their fellows and maintaining order. Of such were Alan Keith and Master David Plympton of Heart's Delight; Keith, a young Scotch mariner and fisherman; Plympton, one of the few who had been secured in his rights through his father from Sir David Kirke, to whom Newfoundland was a royal grant for services to his country on land and sea. But such had been the excesses of the fishing admirals of late and such the neglect of the high authorities at home, that Plympton began to fear for his inheritance, and to think of leaving the island with such possessions as he could carry, in bonds and notes and receipts for bank deposits in England.

Moreover, Newfoundland, besides the disabilities which she suffered by reason of the bad influences of the fishing admirals, had latterly more than usually labored under the disadvantages of her position as a more or less unprotected settlement lying at the mercy of French cruisers and American privateers. The war with America had stopped the Newfoundland supplies from New England; and there was no knowing what would be the result of the conflict. Plympton was somewhat pessimistic in his views. This arose chiefly out of anxiety for his daughter, who, in an uncomfortable way, and to her sorrow, had been subjected to the rough admiration of such unexpected and powerful visitors as occasionally put into Heart's Delight—only recently a daring company of officers and men from a Salem war-ship, and on another occasion the master of an armed Frenchman, more like a pirate than a legitimate vessel of war. It did not always happen that there were English cruisers off Newfoundland to protect the inhabitants, and, indeed, so bitterly opposed were the Government to the settlement, except for the uses of the fishery and the training of sailors for the fleet, that it is probable that Heart's Delight was hardly known to the English cruisers, or if it was, they would have no special instructions as to the insignificant interests of such a lawless plantation. Watching Hannah grow to womanhood, and feeling

"I will bait the wolf traps with your wretched carcass."

that any day the control of Heart's Delight might fall away from him, and that Hannah might be a source of some trouble which he could not define, he began to long for rest and security. Already, without having told anyone of the circumstance, he had had a serious altercation with one Lester Bentz, who had recently established a fishing station at Heart's Delight with the governor's permission. Lester Bentz was supposed to be a Dissenter of the acute type, a Puritan of pronounced views; he had taken exception to the local influence of Father Lavello, and, remonstrated with by Plympton, had followed him home, and on the threshold

"Are you ashamed of your ambition?"

of the Great House had offered him a compromise. "Give me thy daughter Hannah," he had said, "and I will be neuter. I don't say that I would not even join thy church, so deep is my love for the maiden, so powerfully hath she ensnared my heart!" "Promise me," Plympton had said, taking Bentz by the throat, "that you will never dare to say a word of this to my daughter, that you will never dare so much as to look at her, or by the church you insult I will bait the wolf-traps with your wretched carcass." Lester Bentz had promised and kept his vow; but he hoped for an opportunity to be revenged on both Plympton and his daughter.

It will be seen, therefore, by the most casual reader of this opening chapter of a romantic and tragic history, that the time was in every respect favorable for Alan Keith to disclose the secret of his love for the belle of Heart's Delight.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE FISHING FLEET HAD SAILED.

On a fine autumn evening, at the close of the fisheries, when the last ship had raised her anchor and sailed away, Alan Keith and Master Plympton sat in the porch of what was called the Great House, in the pleasant harbor of Heart's Delight. The title of the Plympton house was, however, the greatest thing about it. Greatness is a matter of comparison. By comparison with the other dwellings of Heart's Delight, Mr. Plympton's house, it is true, was quite a mansion. For all that, compared with what we in England regard as a great house, it was no better than a hut. It was a sort of log bungalow, a pioneer abode, on the frontiers of civilization. It had no upper story, but consisted of a series of chambers with one general living room, that was kitchen and drawing-room in one. It was better furnished than might have been expected. On one side was a great old dresser from Devonshire; on the other a dower chest full of linen that had belonged to Hannah's grandmother, and had been brought over to Heart's Delight in one of the fishing vessels from Dartmouth. The other side facing the harbor was partly filled with a bay window, the lower half of which was filled with a cushioned seat, covered with skins and rugs. On the opposite side of the room was the ingle nook, with a home-made settle, the production of a local carpenter. The pride of the place was an eight-day clock in a Spanish mahogany case, polished to the very extremity of polish, the clock face having almost as beaming a countenance as Pat Doolan himself, and with dials for showing the operations of the sun and moon, and figures for the days of the month. Doolan declared when it struck the hour he was reminded of the church bells of his native village. Even Father Lavello complimented the eight-day clock, which tick-tacked through many a pleasant hour on long winter evenings at the Great House, and seemed to rejoice in the local happiness and to sympathize with its troubles. On the wall of the chief room of the Great House were hung skins of beasts and birds, muskets and pistols, not to mention a couple of old cavalry swords and a picture of Dartmouth, the ancestral home of the Plymptons, and a sampler which had been worked by Hannah's mother. The floor was thickly laid with baulks of timber that were freshly sanded every day. The window panes were small and glazed with leaded glass, opening in sections for air and sun. The door-way had a wide porch, flanked by a couple of benches upon which the owner and Alan Keith were chatting on this autumn evening of our story, while Hannah was helping her one domestic and Doolan (who had been in the old days Master Plympton's boatswain) to prepare supper.

"No, Alan," said the master, looking seawards, a habit with him when unusually serious. "I do not think the outlook promising; that is, in a pleasant way; promising, perhaps as you nevertheless see it."

"I wouldna presume to dispute wi' ye," said Alan, "but for all that I dinna see what's wrang wi' the future."

"You lead a busy life, Alan; you don't give much time to meditation, and you have only been in the country three years."

"Is it sae long?" said Alan, thinking at the moment of the time he had wasted, not having the courage to let Hannah know the state of his feelings.

"So long!" said the master, "and I have lived here all my life, over sixty years."

"I was not exactly thinking of time in the concrete, but in the abstract," said Alan, thrusting his hands into his great belt.

"I don't understand you," said Plympton, turning his kindly but anxious face towards his friend and neighbor.

"Weel, I dinna wonder at that," Alan replied, smiling. "I dinna quite understand myself; but I do think sometimes, oftener than ye imagine, and I have come to the conclusion that Newfoundland's the place for a man to stand by; it cannot fall to have a grand future."

"Then we are thinking in very opposite directions," said Plympton, stroking his clean-shaven chin. "I was thinking it has become a good place to quit; I was thinking, Alan, of home."

"Hame!" exclaimed Alan, the weight of whose Scotch accent was more or less intermittent according as his feelings moved him—and the reader must understand that in this record it is only intended to suggest his vernacular, so that the most southern readers may not be confused with an attempt on the part of the writer to be superlatively characteristic in the matter of dialects, or so realistic that he cannot be understood. "Hame!" repeated Alan; "dinna ye consider Heart's Delight hame? Ye has never lived anywhere else, eh?"

"No, but I have seen the land of my fathers; it is very sweet and of a mild and gentle temperature. And look you at yonder picture hanging over my father's musket, is it not like a bit of paradise? It is true I was born here in this settlement, or let me say on this island that tries to think it is a settlement. But I am getting weary of its uncertainties."

"Eh, man, dinna say that," Alan replied taking his hands from his belt and rubbing his knee nervously. "I seem to hear just the death knell of all my hopes when ye talk like that."

"And what are your hopes, Alan?" said Plympton, looking the young fellow steadily in the eye.

"What are they?" said Alan, unable to bear the enquiring gaze of his host.

"Yes, what are they? Don't get up, man. Are you ashamed of your ambition?"

Alan had risen to lean his back against the door-post and blush. There was no mistake about the blush. Master Plympton noted Alan's confusion.

"I canna tell whether I am or no," Alan replied.

"Then out with it, man! Have we lived as friends and neighbors these three years and yet there is no confidence between us?"

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"I'm but a poor fisherman," said Alan, "and much beholden to ye for the kindness ye've shown me. I might have gone hame, it's true, and perhaps have done better wi' a bit craft o' my ain; but there, what's the gude talking! A man never knows what's best for him to do. But ye say I dinna think; I tell ye, Master Plympton, I has thought a good deal about this country; I has seen a many miles of it on the coast and inland; there is not a creek or a bay, not a bit of the coast that I dinna ken; there's every kind o' treasure for the adventurer and explorer in these regions; far inland there's a climate as fine as ye could wish, and many fruits and flowers, and I make nae doubt of mineral treasures that would be worth all your bonnie county o' Devon from shore to shore, asking your pardon for saying so."

"Why, Alan," said Plympton, turning round to catch the expression of Alan's averted face, "what has happened? You talk like a man of ideas, and as you speak I could almost fancy I hear my poor father talking, for he raved about Newfoundland. But why have you not said these things to me before?"

"I dinna ken," said Alan. "I suppose I am a coward; or maybe it's ingratitude; the auld proverb says, 'Ye put a snake into yer bosom and it stings ye.'"

Plympton was a thoughtful man. He loved books, though he had only a few; and he believed he understood character. His appearance, while it invited confidence, demanded respect. Alan always regarded him as a superior being. He talked something like a dominie, Alan thought—with correct emphasis and pronunciation. Even when he had taken an extra glass of whisky Plympton never lost a certain tone of distinction that was very notable among the colonials.

"Could it be possible that Alan wanted to speak to him of Hannah?" he thought. "And why not?" Alan all the time was fearing that even a hint at his desire might break off their friendship and decide Plympton to quit the country and gae "hame," as he persisted in calling the county of Devon. They could both hear Hannah's voice in the house; they gathered that she was baking a cake for supper and that Sally Mumford had nearly finished laying the cloth, while the old salt, as Doolan was mostly called, had himself been preparing a dish of fish in the way that was most appetizing to the master, Doolan having a stove all to himself in what was called the back kitchen.

"Come, man, sit you down," said Plympton; "something has gone wrong with you."

"Nae," said Alan, "I dinna think that, but something might; it's the thought o' that that fashes me."

"Why, what could go wrong with you? Are you in debt?"

"Nae, except for the hospitality ye hae always shown me, Master Plympton."

"You have paid that over and over again, Alan, by your agreeable companionship; not to mention many an act of neighborly work at the fishing grounds and at home."

"Thank ye, sir, I take it kind of ye to speak of my companionship being agreeable; but as I was saying, there is in this island everything to make man happy; and I'll ye what will be a great thing in the future, when the auld country discovers Newfoundland for the second time, and that's the fact that she is nae so far from markets in the old land, not only for the harvest of the sea but the harvest of the land; ay, and grand markets they might be. That's plain to see in yonder ships that have just disappeared sailing into St. John's and hereabouts every season, making their masters and the merchants over yonder rich and proud."

"And tyrannical!" said Plympton, moved by Alan's earnestness, "treading out the life of the colony under their great boots, and dispensing a justice that is worse than lawlessnese."

"That's true," said Alan, "I'm with ye there, Master Plympton, but dinna ye think that may all come to an end?"

"Oh, yes," said the master, "the world itself will come to an end in time. I really am thinking, Alan, that the best thing I could do would be to take my daughter Hannah away to Dartmouth and settle there for the remainder of my days."

Plympton threw in the name of his daughter by way of experiment, and watched Alan as he replied:

"Settle!" said Alan, once more rising to his feet. "And would ye settle, think ye? With ships o' war goin' out against the Spaniards and the French, wi' schooners carrying their guns against the Dutch, and this revolt in the colonies, think ye there'd be any rest in that port o' Dartmouth ye talk of sae much? Nae, Master Plympton, ye'd just be manning a sloop o' war on your own account and gaeing out wi' the rest."

"Maybe," said Plympton. "It is like enough."

"Ye hae been assured of your property rights, your house is secure by legal title, and your lands; since I, too, am just simply devoted to the fisheries, it is likely that I'll be able to get the same privileges; but if I don't, why, believe me or believe me not, there's land even in that very bite of Labrador, away from the jurisdiction of the admirals, that might content any man."

"Labrador!" exclaimed Plympton; "why, my poor father avoided Labrador! What is the lad talking of? The Arctic regions! The land of devils, wandering Indians and Esquimaux."

"With exceptions, master, let me tell ye," said Alan, turning his earnest eyes upon the master, "I've sailed right into the blackest of her waters, landed on her roughest shores; once, man, I prayed to God if there were devils with horns, and furies with fiery eyes, to let me see them; and I rowed into the very shore, and beached my boat, but there were nae demons, and naething else but barrenness. But, man, I could show ye one o' the snuggest harbors close by a good fishing ground, and one o' the rarest bits o' land in the island, back o' the hardest bit o' the coast, wi' breakers that might terrify the stoutest sailor, but on investigation that has a deep channel of calm water, fine enough to float a man-o'-war; it's just as if the breakers and the spray, and the bit of nasty rocks were hiding the channel to gie the bravest mariner a secret waterway. And once inside, man, there's a harbor, and anither way out that's like the entrance to a dock.

An Example.

Kind Old Gentleman (assisting boy to get barrow up the gutter).—I don't see how you manage to get that barrow up the gutters alone.

Bright Youth.—I don't. Dere's always some jay a-standin' around as takes it up for me. —*Puck.*

And 'way on the south side there's a cavern that leads ye out into the open, where Nature sets up the same kind o' deception, as good as sayin': 'There's naught but desolation for ye here;' but gae on, nevertheless, and ye come to pastures, to trees, to flowers, to berries, and on and on agen there's a fiord or lake, with trees on its margin that might be ane o' the blessed lakes o' bonnie Scotland."

"Alan," said Plympton, rising and laying his hand on his guest's arm, "it is nearly supper-time; we have had a long 'crack,' as you would call it, and all the time you have been hiding something from me. Nay, don't go away; I am not angry, dear friend; only sorry that you no longer consider me worthy of your confidence."

"Nae," said Alan; "let's walk out into the open; my heart's too full to be stifled up here." He strode out into the open, Plympton by his side.

"Would ye call me friend, I wonder, if ye knew what's in my heart? Eh, man, I dare nae say what I'd like to say for fear. I'd rather have the privilege of lookin' o'er the hedge at the thing I love than to be turned off altogether when the owner found me trying to climb over."

"You are too enigmatical," said Plympton. "I have always thought of you, Alan Keith, as frank and outspoken."

"I would be more content all my life to look at the gem I coveted than have it ta'en away altogether because I reached out my hand to touch it," said Alan, as if still communing within himself.

"And is this all you have to say now that we are in the open?"

"Nae; by all that's awful I'll risk it! After all, if it is to come it might as well come now as a year or two hence; if I'm the wolf in the fold ye'd better see me now in my true character and hae done wi' me. But I couldna tell ye in there. I dinna feel sae mean wi' the breathing room. Hae ye ever wondered what kept me here?"

"I have always been glad you remained," said the master.

"I never meant to stay when first I came; and my father's deed sin' I came, and the lawyers write and write. But I couldna leave Heart's Delight. Was it the fishin'? Was it the future o' the place that I talk about? Nae, I conceived the idea to rob ye the first time I went to yer house! Ay, man, to rob ye of what ye hold dearer than life! I was just a thief—just a wolf in the fold, only biding my time. It's Hannah! It's Hannah! I love her!"

A great tear coursed down Alan's bronzed cheek as he confessed what at the moment he imagined was an outrage upon a generous hospitality; he hardly knew what it was to be deeply moved, much less to shed a tear. He stood there like a criminal awaiting sentence; and no criminal ever heard the verdict "Not Guilty" with greater joy that Alan felt when Plympton said, "Keith, give me your hand; if Hannah is willing, I will give you here."

Hannah saw her father and Alan shaking hands. She stepped out upon the beach and walked towards them, and as she did so Lester Bentz, who had been hiding among some bushes by the garden palings, withdrew more closely within the shadow. His eyes followed the handsome young woman as she approached her father and Alan, and he is not to be despised for admiring her. She wore a light print dress; it was a white material, with lilac sprays, short-waisted, slightly open at the neck. Her brown hair was dressed high upon her head. Her face was aglow with health, and it carried at the moment something of the reflection of the fire over which she had been stooping while making a cake for supper. When she spoke a second time, you could see between the lips a row of white teeth, for she was laughing.

"Ahem!" she said, to attract the attention of the two men, who turned to see her make a mock courtesy, as she observed, with much pretended formality: "I ventured to call you to supper, but receiving no answer, I presumed to ask what was the matter."

"And we thank you, my darling," said Plympton, putting his arm around her waist, "and we have the pleasure to inform you that nothing is the matter."

"Been making a bargain?" she asked, returning to her natural manner.

"Something in that way," her father replied.

"May I know what it is?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said her father, "you have got to know." And as he said so he glanced peculiarly at Alan, which somehow gave her thoughts a serious turn.

"Oh!" was all she said.

"It is indeed a bargain, if so it may be called that concerns you more than anyone else in the world," said her father.

The same little exclamation as before was Hannah's answer.

"Our dear friend and neighbor, Alan Keith, will tell you all about it."

"Oh!" said Hannah.

"Will you not?" Plympton asked, turning to the silent Alan.

"If I can," said Alan, looking rather shyly at Hannah.

"Oh!" said the belle of Heart's Delight, her eyes seeking the sandy path, her arm resting upon her father's, her thoughts in a whirl of curious but not unhappy anticipation.

As they entered the house Lester Bentz crept from his hiding-place into the open and made his way to the temporary hut which he had raised near his fish stages.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

A Broken Lily.—You are deliberate, candid, rather self-opinionated, very formal in thought and rather studied in manner, discreet, kind and of very amiable temper, some love of beauty and great generosity are yours.

Irish.—You are refined, quick in perception, sensitive in feeling and rather witty and bright. Some ideality, sociability and a little spiteness to be influenced unduly by surroundings are visible; care, system and good judgment also.

An Old Mayflower.—This is rather an original and forceful character, practical, persevering and honest; very fond of creature comforts and a little lacking in inceptive ability, sure of her own mind and strong in her own opinions.

Dunfan.—Certainly! You are social, enterprising, impulsive, self-willed, good-natured, determined, persevering, truthful and candid, rather capricious in your affections and hard to please. A clever and, I am pretty sure, a successful chap.

Fanny Fly.—An ambitious, independent and vivacious creature, hopeful in difficulty, plucky in danger and persevering and sensible all the time, sometimes careless, always honest, with a fine opinion of herself, and a pretty wit. Miss or Mr. F. F., I do like you very much.

Athletic.—Why didn't you make your fortune? Can it be that you think work is not necessary? You are vivacious, truthful, undecided, with good taste and excellent temper, strong affections and perfect discretion, almost amounting to mistrust. I hope you haven't gone before this answer comes.

Lady Bird.—I don't think you need a second delineation, for your writing is not at all hard to study. You are persistent, constant, rather slow of comprehension, careful, slightly humorous, and while kind and gentle not very quick in sympathy. I think you could be self-denying, and I am sure you are loyal.

Narcissus.—Please read up your heathen mythology. You are brimming with fun, bright and energetic, with excellent taste, good sympathy and intuitive perception, ambition, social success, great imagination and originality. The enclosed essay which was written in pencil was not suitable for a delineation.

Suburban Resident.—Questions on sunburn are a little out of date just now. The best thing to make red hair a light brown has not yet been discovered. I should let it alone, as you say it isn't quite scarlet. Lots of people admire hair that answers your description. I do so myself when it is prettily dressed.

S. A. W.—Scraps of letters are not studied. You will see that in the rules. Your own writing shows some impulse, rather a liking for ease (but I doubt if you indulge it), some ability, but very great lack of culture, lack of self-reliance and weakness of will are shown, discretion is good, humor visible, and perseverance also.

Scribbler.—1 You are very persistent in effort, somewhat fond of social intercourse, a vivacious and bright nature, with tenacious opinions, good perception, some sympathy, exceeding honesty and truthfulness, and while deliberate in coming to conclusions quite energetic and decided enough to be healthy. 2. Try Frost on graphology.

C. R. S. G.—You are impulsive and hasty, but noble and anxious to do and be right. Wit and hope and some love of display are shown, as well as a little self-shness. You are too quick to be careful; of erratic opinions and subject to moods and fancies, but you can be a very noble character if you take the pains to develop your capabilities. You are original and of decided talent.

Ignorant.—1. I am afraid that the valveteen can not be nicely restored, if it has become soiled. (Try Smith's, on King street west.) You can rub it lightly with a bit of crape, or a velvet brush. 2. Your writing shows lack of discipline and erratic will, subject to impulse rather than principle. You are hopeful, energetic, rather outspoken, and of immature judgment. Time will help you.

Zuleika.—A girl might call herself a young lady at eighteen I should think without anyone objecting. You are a very charming girl, with bright imagination, sympathetic nature and confiding and misleading manner. Refined feeling, taste and hopefulness show in your pretty lines. I think you should be musical and fond of society, slightly prone to ideality and very good-tempered.

Nes.—I cannot lay claim to power of divination, therefore I cannot answer your questions. Your writing does not betray any special aptness, as it is rather unformed, but I should fancy you would not fail for want of trying in any vocation. The one you have chosen is so difficult and exacting that I think if you succeed in it you would most likely find all your four questions answered thereby.

Mena Revel.—Had you the audacity to ask for a second delineation, or did you know I should like to hear from you again? I am sorry that I could not acknowledge sooner; see answer to One of Them. I am afraid you don't know just what modesty really means when you insinuate that masculine women are deficient in it. I think a good many masculine men are more modest than many *feminine women?* Please don't read that over without thinking as you go.

Golden Rod.—1. Freckles are sometimes constitutional and are often becoming. In case you want to take a course of treatment for their removal, I can recommend Miss Moore, 145½ Yonge street, who has a successful wash for that purpose. 2. You are clever and vivacious, of independent mind and great imagination, fond of ease and warm of heart, but rather brusque and impulsive in your way of expression. I think you can be angry under provocation and wilful also.

Halcyon Days.—Have you really got a mind? or haven't you mislaid that airy attic in which your erratic fancies gambol unrestricted? Of course your writing tells tales on you, showing great perverseness, poor judgment and very vagrant imagination. It also endows you with originality, strong affection, first-rate traits, which ought to make you popular; good taste, love of the beautiful, ambition and high ideals, a real live creature and no mistake, but with a streak of contrariness which mars the beauty of a very eloquent study.

Hazel.—1. This is one of the old-time correspondents who wants her answer in next week's paper. I thought all those impatient folk had died long ago! 2. You are modest in your self-esteem, kind in your heart, careless in your penmanship, and distracting in your diction. Oh, my dear girl, why could you not do your best graphologically when you sent in your study? You are romantic, lazy, ambitious, hopeful, rather fond of praise and utterly careless of details and perfection. I fancy a light pen would make less blots, so would advise you to use that kind.

One of Them.—1. I am sorry not to have answered you before, your letter arrived during my absence and was folded and tied up in the August bundle from which I have just taken it. I should think your club could get along very nicely on a course of travels. A book which would perhaps amuse you is, A Happy Holiday, a tour through Europe, which you can order from Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto. Among French story writers for Vivian Hugo and Dumas; I should not take up the history you name as the only work. Why not have a month of poetry, another of history, another of fiction, and still another of questions of the day? That would take you through the winter season nicely. 2. Your writing shows candor, intuitive perception, sympathy, some vivacity, discretion, imagination and rather a turn for wit and merriment.

J. M. H., Poplar Point.—Your very interesting letter was read and I fancy some correspondence has passed regarding it. Your story is not unique, as I've heard of several cases of partial concussion in which the parties affected did several things of which they had no after recollection. One man went on the road he had intended taking, paid a bill, returned home and lay down, after which he slept for fourteen hours and wakened without any recollection of what he had done. 2. There is no difference in the general characteristics of your writing in the three specimens you send. The latter is not natural to you, the first two differ very little. You are careful, of good judgment, strong will, rather self-conscious, slightly impatient and very forcible in your opinions. It would be hard to convince you against your notions. You are fond of society and rather partial to the fair sex; also, you like comfort and are averse to change and don't like inconvenience. I judge you to be a conscientious and well meaning man, of high principle but small originality, and while buoyant and courageous not very intellectual. The address of your letter contains many nice lines which are not so fully shown in the letter itself. This betrays a characteristic which, controlled by principle, is one of the most attractive.

Change in Time for New York via Erie Railway.

You can leave Union Station, Toronto, at 12.50 p.m., arrive in Buffalo at 5.55 p.m. and leave Buffalo at 7.30 p.m., arriving in New York at 7.30 next morning, which makes this train two hours faster than ever before. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m., connecting with the Erie flyer at Hamilton, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York.

A Different Brand.

"You are chewing the cud of fancy, I suppose?" said Mr. Bleecker, as he approached Miss Wabash, who had been sitting alone.

"No," replied the fair Chicago maiden, as she moved something about in her mouth; "this is just ordinary plain gum, Mr. Bleecker."

New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

Unanswered.

Temperance Advocate—For twenty years, young man, not a drop of liquor has passed my lips.

Young Man—How do you take it; hypodermically?

An Unreasonable Request.

Customer—I'll have to order another pair of shoes, but I'd like to have you make them a little different in shape from the last.

Shoemaker—You can't make 'em that way, man! What's a last for?

Get the Best.

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time. On the contrary, they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

Above Board.

Visiting Englishman—I can never be happy unless you promise to be mine.

Native American—Well, I don't mind being engaged to you; but I must tell you plainly that I am engaged to three other men I like better.

TAKE

AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the *Spring*, it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the *Summer*, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the *Autumn*, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the *Winter*, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine you can find. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. I., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found no other medicine equal to AYER'S

SARSAPARILLA

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Has cured others, will cure you

Her System.

Rowne de Bout—I hear that Billy New has married a dressmaker. I should think it would be an economical marriage.

Upson Downes—Not at all. He says she sends herself a bill every month and comes around regularly to collect it

Excursion to City of Mexico.

On Nov. 19 to 26 inclusive, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to the City of Mexico at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets good going via Detroit and St. Louis and returning via Chicago, or *vice versa*, valid up to Dec. 31. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given to see this ancient land of the Aztecs. Words fail in describing the majestic and beautiful scenery on this trip, admitted to be without equal on the American continent and not surpassed in the world. Full particulars at the Wabash new office, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Not Negotiable.

Rhymester—True, sir, I have not much ready money, but I own $30,000 worth of personal property.

Her Father—In what shape is this property?

Rhymester—In manuscript poems.

In a Day.

Mrs. J. Ringland, Kincaid street, Brockville, Ont., says: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mind sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without a bottle.

How It Gets In.

Mrs. Bleecker—Are the ordinary nursery stories told to Boston children?

Mrs. Emerson—Only Jack and the Bean Stalk, and that solely out of consideration for the bean.

Philosophy.

We must sup of the sourness within life's cup,
Be patient 'neath fortune's frown;
But let us so live that, when we are up
We'll forget we have ever been down.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

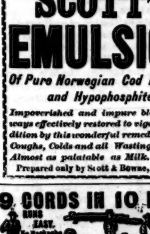
BEECHAM'S PILLS

Dislodge Bile, Stir up the Liver, Cure Sick-Headache, Female Ailments, Remove Disease and Promote Good Health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

Famous the world over.

Ask for Beecham's and take no others. Wholesale Agts., Evans & Sons, Ld. Montreal. For sale by all druggists.



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Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Impoverished and impure blood is always effectively restored to vigorous condition by this wonderful remedy. Cures Coughs, Colds and all Wasting Diseases. Almost as palatable as Milk.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS. SAVE YOUR TREES. EASY. Ex Blacksmith

BY ONE MAN. Good for free illustrated catalogue, showing testimonials from thousands who have sawed from 5 to 9 cords daily. It saws down trees, folds like a pocket knife, weighs only 42 lbs., easily carried on shoulder. One man can saw more timber with it than two men with a cross-cut saw. $7.00 in use. We also make a lever-lever machine to carry 2 foot saw. No duty to pay, we manufacture in Canada. First order secures the agency. THE NIAGARA HARBINGER CO. 341 to 349 St. Andrew St., Toronto, Ont.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E SHEPPARD - Editor

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An Old Paper.

We have been handed a copy of the London *Times*, dated June 22, 1815, by Mr. J. Dudley of Fuller street, Toronto. The paper is considerably smaller than The Thunderer of today, being only four pages, four columns to the page. Yet that little sheet has an historical interest and value, for in it appears Wellington's despatch from the field of Waterloo and a full account of that greatest of battles, together with a hasty list of the many distinguished soldiers killed and wounded. The editorial shows the state of public feeling at that time. But before giving a few short extracts from the war news of that day it might be interesting to speak of the advertisements which fill the first page. Among others is this:

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be presented to any person who can procure for a Gentleman of respectability an adequate MERCANTILE SITUATION. Address post paid to "A. B.," 69 Swallow street.

If an American confidence man should read this he will rail against his hard fate in being born so late in the century. A. B.—the dear lamb—was no doubt grandfather to those young Englishmen who come to this country to study the fine art of farming at an entrance fee of one hundred pounds sterling.

There is an advertisement of a novelty show where the attractions and the way they are described would do credit to a more modern museum—among other features of diversion being "a mechanical canary bird that sings ten different songs," and automata figures that answer "different questions." The "admission is 6s. in the daytime and 2s. at night." The Society of Painters of Oil and Water Colors advertise their eleventh annual exhibition, at 1s. admission, so that it will be noticed the museum had the best of it.

But the paper is nearly all devoted to Waterloo and war. Wellington's despatch is too long and practical to be quoted from, only, for the benefit of those who evince a disposition to deny Blucher and the Prussian army a share in the honors of the occasion, we may quote a sentence used by Wellington: "I should not do justice to my feelings or to Marshall Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them." Then he proceeds to poise the masterly operations of General Bulow on the enemy's flank. The *Times* is always vigorous in its editorials but it seldom attains the vigor displayed when commenting on the news from Waterloo.

"Such is the great and glorious result of those masterly movements by which the Hero of Britain met and frustrated the audacious attempt of the Rebel Chief. Glory to Wellington, to our gallant Soldiers and to our brave Allies! Buonaparte's reputation has been wrecked and his last grand stake has been lost in this tremendous conflict. TWO HUNDRED AND TEN PIECES OF CANNON captured in a single battle, put to the blush the boasting column of the Place de Vendome. Long and sanguinary, indeed, we fear, the conflict must have been; but the boldness of the rebel Frenchmen was the boldness of despair, and conscience sate heavy on those arms which were raised against their sovereign, against their oaths and against the peace and happiness of their country. . . . The fabric of rebellion is shaken to its base. Already we hear numerous desertions have taken place from the Rebel standard, and soon, it is to be hoped, the perjured wretches, Ney and Desmouettes, and Excelmans and Lelleman and Labadoyere and their accomplices in baseness and treason, will be left alone as marks for the indignation of Europe and just sacrifices to insulted French honor."

Pretty good that. The paper also publishes a "Declaration of the Duke of Orleans, First Prince of the Blood of France," and signed by Louis Phillipe, Duke of Orleans, calling upon Frenchmen to drop into quietude and resume their discarded loyalty to Louis XVIII. He declares that he "should be proud to govern you, but solely in the event of my being unfortunate enough to have my seat on the throne opened to me by the extinction of an illustrious branch." This declaration throughout is distinguished with all the ambiguity and craft peculiar to the French politics of that time.

This old copy of the London *Times* is a mine of interest to one desiring information about the most stirring chapter of modern history.

The Drama

Everything more thoroughly repulsive could possibly be written and staged than Zola's Therese, then I wish somebody would root it out and get the whole creepy, crawly business over and done with. If I have to see ghosts and grinning skeletons and low gurgles and so forth, let them pass in a procession and not bob up all along the path of life. This is how most people feel on the question. In the first place, Therese opens with the presentation of a character that should never be reproduced in art, since the original is a source of shame to nature. Of course I refer to the repulsive and semi-idiotic invalid, Camille, the like of whom can only be found in an asylum or hospital. As played by Mr. Mitchell, this peevish person was always doing the most unexpected things and showing an activity of limb and disposition quite at variance with his general self. When it became apparent that the wife and her lover had drowned the chattering imbecile I experienced a feeling of relief. It is the first time I was ever accessory to a murder, and, although the sensation is somewhat novel, yet I am more hardened in villainy than Therese and Laurent, for my slumber has not been disturbed in the least. Mme. Raquin, as played by Ida Vernon, did not suit me, for she had, in the first act, both a gift of immoderate laughter and a temper like a shrew, whereas in the second act she was a gentle, motherly person, wonderfully solicitous as to the happiness of Therese. It was an impossible metamorphosis. The most horrible thing in the play was Mme. Raquin, the grim, paralyzed woman in her invalid chair, with fierce rolling eyes and active intelligence, nursing in her dumbness the knowledge that Therese and Laurent had murdered her son to permit of their marriage. They knew that she had their secret, and were in constant dread that her power of speech would return. The pathos and horror of the scene was terrible when the guilty couple began quarreling and reviving the details of the murder with morbid exactness, while back of them, hearing every word, but unable to give a sign of life save in the rolling of those hateful eyes, sat the marble figure of the victim's mother. I consider Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew sadly inadequate to the requirements of their parts. This may, in small part, be accounted for by the fact that each of their parts requires something entirely unknown in human nature; but the chief explanation of it is that there are very distinct and immediate limits to the talent of these two people. Their parts fit them like the grandfather's hat worn by Harrison in the election caricatures. Mrs. Potter has not conquered the amateurish desire for screwing her eyes around to criticize those occupying the boxes, and even when going through her frantic scene with Mr. Bellew and iterating in an inefficient manner the words "You killed Camille," she would turn an idly curious eye towards the pit, to see if anyone had fainted, perhaps. Bellew, also, as remarked by one of the morning papers, in straining to fill his over-large part, touched the funny-bone of the upper gallery, which mistook him for a light comedian. Perhaps Mrs. Potter's conception of Therese forbids her to shed a tear, but if she cannot overcome that facial expression of levity and nonconcern while the guilty pair are indulging in recriminations, then she should certainly resort to tearful violence of manner. Her face at that time did not suggest a mind almost unhinged by remorse, but rather seemed the face of a pugnacious, barging wife determined to rasp her husband beyond all patience. Therese is a play of frenzied passions and Potter and Bellew are not the strength to relend. Miss Perdita Hudspeth has a piquant face and vivacious manner, and in her naturalness was a relief to her false surroundings. Mr. Ward as Grivet afforded the fun of the evening—not much of it, but, set amidst such horrors, his amusing eccentricities were irresistible and I for one laughed aloud at him. Mr. Clarges was also very good as Michaud, the hearty and irascible ex-officer of police.

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It seems to me that the French writers either do not understand human nature or that French human nature is different from ours. This means that nature is not human, but racial. In Diplomacy we have recently had a sample of Sardou's work; in The Clemenceau Case we have had a specimen of what Dumas can do, and in Therese we have had a piece of Zola's handiwork. The inference from these three plays is that immorality is the Parisian condition. Diplomacy is incalculably superior to the other two, but in it we have the heroine naturally supposing that the hero is confessing his love for her desires her to become his mistress and not his wife. In The Clemenceau Case we have a young wife prostituting herself at the instigation of her own mother and deceiving a husband whom she really loves, in favor of a rejected suitor whom she detests. In Therese we have a woman who abets her lover in murdering her husband but who thereafter develops such a delicate sensibility that she cannot sleep for thinking of the crime. Indulgence in homicidal tendencies is not a promising way to increase one's sensitiveness, and I think the man and woman who could deliberately plan and execute a murder would be coarse enough to profit, for a time at least, on the successful outcome of their undertaking. These French plays, although attractive to those of critical mind, are not natural to the moral atmosphere of Toronto. They are too richly adorned with false wives and leering features to suit the homely virtues of this new country.

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One thing I have repeatedly written about is the absolutely ridiculous custom of actors, on being stabbed to death at the end of an act, to come out before the curtain and bow to the applauding house. What business has a dead man walking out hale and hearty, while we are applauding the manner or fact of his death? While the dramatist, the actor and the audience have been carefully creating an illusion which is to outlast the evening, out comes the blundering fool of an actor to dash aside the delicate creation—his own work, the author's and ours. There is nothing that happens oftener and nothing more inartistic and inexcusable when it does happen. As an instance, in Therese, at the end of the third act Mme. Raquin falls to the floor stricken with paralysis; a moment later she is standing in view of all, bowing and smiling; next act she sits immovable as marble in paralytic helplessness. In the name of good sense why did she violate the illusion? When the spectators are trying to have faith in the reality of what is seen, why shock them with this rough and unnecessary revelation of the imposture? Mr. Willard is now playing to big houses in New York, and the *Times'* critic, in discussing that talented actor, says: "Mr. Willard held to his custom of changing tableaux, and refused to endanger the illusion by emerging from his assumed character to acknowledge the applause." Mr. Willard has a number of strong ideas on the minute details of art, but his attitude on this question has much increased my admiration of him.

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Speaking about Willard reminds me of a circumstance that may prove a valuable contribution to the discussion now in progress between Rev. Mr. Galbraith and O. B. Sheppard of the Grand. When Mr. Willard was here playing The Middleman a small convocation was held at which a number of Methodist clergymen gathered, some from outside points of Ontario. One reverend gentleman from a western town had read considerable about Willard and his plays, and being probably somewhat uncertain as to the degree of enmity he should display towards the drama, he conceived a desire to see The Middleman. He arranged to attend with a personal friend of mine, but failing to put in an appearance at the stipulated time, the friend went in alone. Meeting the minister on a railway train a few days ago, my friend mentioned his failure to show up on the occasion referred to. The minister very enthusiastically explained that he reached the theater fifteen minutes late and went in alone. "And," said he, "I'll tell you what I think of it. I would not have missed seeing Willard that night for any money. It did me more solid good than twelve months of sermons ever did me." He said it elevated him, gave him inexhaustible food for thought, and he regretted his inability to oftener see such a good actor in such an elevating play. This Methodist clergyman is a sincere and useful man, who, I doubt not, would arise and leave any building, even a church, if anything demoralizing were going forward. He is a man of independence and decision of character. I have not asked his permission to use his name, but am sure if Mr. Galbraith would care to know who he is there would not be much delay about gratifying his desire. There are a great many clergymen who, like the one referred to above, would find the theater vastly different from their conception of it if they would only attend it once. Common honesty should impel a minister to visit a place of resort before he proceeds to condemn it with all the violence he can command.

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If Rev. Mr. Galbraith had witnessed Mr. Willard's handling of The Middleman and Judah, I am positive that he, like the other minister mentioned, would have been elevated and improved to such a degree that his prejudices would have been silenced for some time. That achievement alone would have justified the actor's existence. More, after the performance I would have liked to take the reverend gentleman into the waiting-room behind the scenes and introduced him to Miss Burroughs and asked him to point out wherein that lady fell short of any lady of his acquaintance in morals or manners. Proceeding on our instructive mission, I would have introduced him to Miss Craddock and asked him to mention any shortcomings of hers that were not shared by her race and sex. I would have challenged him to find an infinitesimal feature in the character of either lady that would make them undesirable guests in his own home. Making a circuit of the entire company and making no more exceptions than one would require to make in so crucially inspecting the same number of people in any other sphere of life, I would at last conduct my surprised and delighted companion to the dressing-room of Mr. Willard himself, and, after recommending him to the kindness of that gentleman, would leave them together for the space of fifteen minutes. At the end of that time I am positive a Methodist clergyman would join me and cheerfully admit that he had met an actor who was most ally his superior and possessed of a marvelous intellectual and moral force, whose equal he had scarcely ever met, whose ideas were lofty and whose influence for good was really incalculable.

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Association Hall held a large crowd on Monday evening, the occasion being the joint recital by Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smily. It was a delightful affair in every respect, and in the various towns where this entertainment will be given I am sure the verdict will be one of unanimous praise. Miss Johnson on the platform is very differentiated from the accomplished lady so well known in social circles; when reciting one of her own fiery compositions on the wrongs suffered or heroism displayed by her Indian race, she becomes the high-spirited daughter of her warrior sires and thrills the listener through and through. Some explain the improvement noticeable in her readings since last year by saying that she has made a successful study of elocution, but it seems to me that here is not an acquired art but an original talent that has shaken loose from the embarrassments experienced by her as a beginner. A person cannot rightly appreciate Miss Johnson's poems until one hears her recite them. Mr. Owen A. Smily, with his humorous readings, either written by himself or selected, adds the very ingredients necessary to make a perfect evening. It is doubtful whether Mr. Smily is better in humorous or pathetic or dramatically strong parts, so good is he in each. The appearance of these two readers in Association Hall was one of the particular events of the season.

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Prof W. H. and Mrs. Meeke, the elocutionists and impersonators, are making a very successful tour of Western Ontario. They have been heartily received everywhere, and the professor in writing a friend says they have made a large number of desirable engagements in Ontario and Michigan.

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Miss Marguerite Baker of the Delsarte College of Oratory and Hamilton Ladies' College will give a recital on Monday evening, December 5, in the Y. W. C. Guild building, 21 McGill street. Musical selections by Miss E. J. Miller and Malcolm W. Sparrow will lend variety to the programme. Miss Baker will recite A Rajput Nurse, by Edwin Arnold; The Song of the Marmon, by Tennyson; selections from Bryant, Dickens, Will Carleton and others. I trust that Miss Baker, who is a rising elocutionist, will be greeted by a full house.

•

Eva Mountford in East Lynne has been drawing very good houses at Jacobs and Sparrow's this week, especially at the matinees, when ladies and young people filled the place. East Lynne requires no detailed mention, nor can I say anything further about The Clemenceau Case, which moved across to the Academy of Music to prolong by another week its siege on public favor.

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The Ramsey Morris Stock Company will be at the Grand next week and will be a drawing card of the first order. Joseph is said to be a very funny comedy and the people who present it are master hands. Among them are John Glendinning, George Giddons, Edgar Norton, Reub. Fax—a brother, I believe, of James Fax—Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Mrs. E. J. Phillips. These names guarantee a good performance.

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Mr. Frank Deane will give a planoforte recital in Y. M. C. A. hall, Yonge street, December 13, at 8 o'clock.

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A. Y. Pearson's big attraction, The Fire Patrol, from the pen of James W. Harkins, jr., will be given at Jacobs & Sparrow's opera house next week. The play deals with the story of existence in a mining camp, and all the characters are said to be drawn from life. Chivalrous heroes and mean sneaks are to be found in the Far West, and the author portrays both types in the play. Sensational and realistic scenes are promised in profusion. Mr. Pearson, who is noted for the admirable manner in which he stages his attractions, has this year made changes in The Fire Patrol which will be beneficial to the play—everything, it is announced, being new, bright and attractive. Mr. Harkins claims for The Fire Patrol striking originality. In their search after realistic effects writers of melodrama have given us tanks without number, real fire engines, buzz saws, pile drivers, etc., until realism would seem to be well nigh exhausted. In this play is promised a view of the interior of a gold stamp mill, such as is seen in the mining regions of Dakota, with the ponderous ore crusher in full operation. In addition, as the title indicates, a genuine fire patrol wagon, horses, etc., will be shown. A more quiet yet very impressive picture of real life is a representation of a driving snow storm in Union Square, New York City, on Christmas Eve. The press pronounces the play a success, containing several very strong mechanical effects that are distinct novelties.

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Tennyson's last work, The Foresters, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, has been sung the latter half of the week at the Grand, but it is worth preserving for notice next week.

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Mr. Potter of Texas will be on the Academy boards next week. It is a dramatization of the intensely humorous and charming novel of the same name and cannot fail to prove a delightful treat. Potter is an original and irresistible creation.

MACK.

Interesting to Theosophists.

HERE are two ghost stories for the theosophists; and the best part is, they are true. They happened right here in Toronto. Divers witnesses can be promptly produced to prove their actuality:

At eleven o'clock last Saturday night Mrs. R., of McGill street, heard a soft rapping at the front door of her house. Wondering who came so late, Mrs. R. opened the door. Just as she so did the storm-door on the outside was slammed in her face. She became frightened, banged shut the main door, bolted and locked it. Trembling, Mrs. R. rushed upstairs, awoke her husband and told him.

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"Look out at the window," said he.

Mrs. R. noiselessly raised the sash, but no one was near. She retired shortly after, but nervousness kept her from sleep. Next morning the news came that her cousin, Miss G., who had been suffering for years from consumption, had died. Mrs. R. was convinced that Miss G.'s spirit had visited her. She related her remarkable experience in the house of a neighbor. One man scoffed at the idea of ghosts.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. R., "if I am superstitious; but I am sure that was my cousin's ghost."

Mrs. J., coming in, there was a vivid recital; but Mrs. J. uncontrollably laughed, dutifully helped by the sceptical man. The company began to feel hurt. Mrs. J. said:

"About 11 o'clock, Mrs. R., last Saturday night I had to go to the store at the corner. A wee urchin stood rapping at your door. He asked me if I knew where a certain house-number was; I said it was mine. He had a parcel for me; he unceremoniously slammed your storm door, gave me the package and fled. I went on That is all."

Here is the other story:

Mrs. G. lives in the south-east part of the city. The other night her husband, who is a watchman, was not feeling well, so he took his son to his beat, saying if he did not feel better before long he would leave the boy there and return home. At midnight Mrs. G. was awakened by a soft tap at her door, three times repeated. She felt sure that her husband was back, so she jumped out of bed and peeped through the curtains. Not a shadow was near the threshold; but she saw on the street's other side, where is the dead-wall of a brewery, no sidewalk and medleys of rubbish, a tall figure dressed in white to the knees. She had enough presence of mind to take note that the apparition had one leg black and the other white. Quaking with fear, certain that this was a warning of harm, she remained wakeful till morning, when the safe reappearance of her husband and son reassured her.

Here is the explanation: The city police on that night raided a house of ill-fame near where Mrs. G. lived, and one of the nymphs had escaped in her night clothes. She had rapped at the door to get in, but response being slow, she had fled round the brewery. One of the officers lent her his great coat when eventually she was captured, and she appeared at the police station with one black stocking on.

The moral is plain. Never believe a ghost story.

JOHN A. COPLAND.

A Woman's Meeting.

For Saturday Night.

Said one lady to another, meeting in the market-place:
"The way this town is managed is simply a disgrace;
The men will not do anything, 'tis clearly plain to all
The women must take hold and at once a meeting call."
And so the thing was done, and they came by twos and threes,
From every sort of fancy work to patching Johnnie's knees.
All dressed in summer costume tipped with flowers of every hue,
And voted in their officers without too much ado.
The president took the chair with her easy, smiling grace,
Declared she'd no experience or fitness for the place.
Only one rule she was sure of, tho' of many had a notion,
And is, "The amendment always goes before the motion"
"Indeed!" "Ah, yes." "Just so." And then the buzz began,
Every bonnet nodded and fluttered every fan.
On either side, in front, behind, they all kept up a chat,
No one addressed the president—they hadn't nerve for that.
At last she said: "Now, ladies, really something we must do.
The afternoon is passing, we must get the business through.
Let someone make a motion—now do not be afraid—
And I'll put it to the voting, when the amendment's made."
"I move we meet on Tuesdays," said a lady dressed in red.
"I second," said a pretty one with snowdrops on her head.
"And now for the amendment," said the lady in the chair.
"It must go before the motion, as you are all aware."
"I move we meet on Fridays," one carolled like a bird.
"But Friday can't go first—why, the thing is too absurd."
"But Friday's the amendment——" "But 'tis cart before the horse;
We'll get in a perfect muddle; why, the men could not do worse."
"The amendment must go first," and a dozen tried to speak.
"Even so, that doesn't change the order of the week.
Our husbands all will ridicule," said one in pince-nez glasses,
"And if we weren't women would simply call us asses."
Then "logic," "method," "order," I discerned amid the chatter,
But who'd the floor or proved a point it didn't seem to matter.
The question had got subtle, the president looked perplexed,
The little secretary bit her pencil and looked vexed.
Whether "motion" or "amendment" went first or last in truth
I'm not prepared to tell you, for—I went before them both.

CANADENSIS.

Wind Voices.

For Saturday Night.

The whispering breezes from moorlands and mountains
Sigh softly to me as they pass on their way,
Like the monotone murmur of far-plashing fountains;
List ye! what the whispering breezes say:
"Life is a moan, is a moan, is a moan;
We live for the grave and the marble stone:
Life is a living moan."

The low laughing zephyr from flowering meadows,
With the perfumes of lilies still fresh on her cheeks,
Flits gaily along through the sunshine and shadows,
And thus to my soul the mild zephyr speaks:
"Life is a dream, is a dream, is a dream,
Enjoy it, O man, in your life's star's gleam;
Life is a hollow dream."

The boisterous gale from the bellowing nor'land
Pushes madly along with terror in his hand;
Swooping alike o'er the meadow and moorland,
And hurls thro' the wide world his iron command:
"Life is a conflict, a conflict unending,
Gird on thine armor for duties impending;
Life is a conflict unending."

A. L. MCNAB.

To Delia.

For Saturday Night.

Oh that you were here, Delia!
Oh that you were here!
Then joys would come, and sorrows go,
And moments now so slow, so slow,
Would go by fast, and hours go past,
And every day be full of cheer
If you were here.

Oh that you could come, Delia!
Could come to me here!
Then life with him would be replete,
And every day be sweet, so sweet,
Naught could annoy our fullest joy,
But heaven would be so very near
If you were here.

Oh that you were here, Delia!
Could be with me here!
Together we would study, dear,
Our souls would grow so near, so near,
That life would seem one joyous dream,
And hidden love would then appear
If you were here.

A. W. CRAWFORD.

One, Two, Three!

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his own little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china-closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chair with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," she said.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where her boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

—H. C. BUNNER, *in December Scribner's.*

Between You and Me.

A VERY able housekeeper, whose family cares are many, said to me yesterday, "I wish some of those girls who are *ennuyee*, and complaining would come into my house and help me with my mending. It would be a much greater charity than they are ever likely to accomplish elsewhere, and how I should bless them!" Mending doesn't seem a very attractive sort of work, anyway. Such hopeless stockings with gaping holes, such threadbare elbows and knees on small boys' panties and jackets, such abominable dragged buttonholes in papa's shirt bands, all the rags and tatters of the household for the busy mother to look after! And her dainty sense of duty keeps her fingers flying, she does not dare, for conscience is her guide, to tie up the ragged heels with a piece of string and batter the lump flat with a hammer, as an ingenious bank clerk tells me he does, nor does she sew the rents together edge to edge! No! With a little patient motherly sigh she settles down to make a night of it, while hubby reads the latest novel, sees the latest plays or otherwise takes his pleasure after the day's work. The mending basket is her crown of thorns, with its painful penance and its lovely results. I think if some of those girls, not the useless, whining ones, but those bright, bonny, earnest maidens whom I know and love, and who have some spare hours, would just pop in with their "finger hats" on, as the *Deutschers* say, and lift one end of the load for the tired little mothers, it would be a work acceptable both in heaven and on earth.

*

The other day a letter came from a parson's wife thanking me for writing about the odorous moth preventive. She said her husband had to open the chancel windows in church—and get grippe only knows what kind of a cold—because the varied moth préventives of his own faithful ones were so much *en evidence!* Incense is all very well, dear devout women, but moth preventive is an outrage on refined olfactories. Don't come to church again with unaired furs, will you?

*

It is an interesting question sometimes to ask of ourselves, when we like anyone very much. "Why do I like them?" Sometimes a flood of light comes on some weakness of our own that makes us hang our heads and writhe with shame when we get at the secret of our liking. Don't you like Mrs. Sweetspeech because she flatters your vanity, subtly and deftly playing upon the jingling keys that your small soul may dance? or don't you enjoy Mrs. Sharptongue because she always says some smart, pitiless, witty thing that makes you smile, little wotting, poor, satisfied you! that she will take you for the subject of her very next jibe or sarcasm? and isn't Mrs. Sponge the friend of your heart because she simply listens approvingly while you talk about yourself? and how about the doubtful man that you like for the flavor of scandal about him, and the cheeky man that you laugh at, and the unbelieving man that you rally on his wickedness? You like them all because they touch some chord of harmony in your own snug nature, and you are for a moment confessed as vain, or envious, or selfish, or daring, or undignified, or untrue! Of course you have likings that are elevating and good and lovely, but you have also those others, you know!

*

I am out of love with one fashion nowadays, and that is the button-up-behind overdress or bodice. I will tell you why. The other night neuralgia and I were having a sharp fight of it, will against nerves, and by way of getting ahead I persuaded Mr. Gay to take my place at an evening's fun and leave me at home for a quiet blessed evening's sleep and rest. He went, but a man came to put up a shelf, and hammered and sawed finely for a good while. He went and another came on some business which must be seen to right then. The evening wore on, the neighbors retired, the business was happily transacted, the man went home, and with very weary head and heart I marched up to bed. I thought so—but five buttons, just between my shoulders, thought not. In vain I squirmed, and twisted, and puffed, and stretched, and waved my arms back and over and under those five buttons. They were not to be intimidated by word or deed, and they just smiled out through their button-holes imperturbably. After a while I gave up, and sat stately and alone in the parlor until 11.45, when Mr. Gay came home to set me free. But, you may rest assured, I'll never be left alone in the house with those buttons buttoned again!

*

The *debutante* is a fraud! I wash my hands of her, the sly, deceptious puss! The other night I carefully observed her goings-on, and this is what I heard and saw: In the first place, she looked guileless, timid as a startled fawn, and every elderly man eyed her pleasantly, and the young men rather slightingly. However, by some trick of eye or smile, she was soon well burdened with partners, and as her programme filled, her true nature showed itself. She was always demure but observant, and a sudden laugh of very tickled tone from her escort told that her wit was polished and at work. She danced with a lovely *abandon*, and her pretty face flushed like a hedge rose; she began to linger in the corners and avoid the chaperon's sofa; she was "so sorry" when three men came to claim her for one dance, and actually had the audacity to suggest to the oldest that it might be *her mamma's* name which adorned his programme. She led off with a high hand at supper, and no less than four abject grovelers brought her trifle and champagne; she bloomed, she smiled, she blossomed into a belle, and this, too, at her very first ball. LADY GAY.

The Late Lamented Pocket.

It seemed when the fashionable modistes dropped a plummet line from the middle of one's neck until it reached the skirt and there situated the pocket at an equal and tantalizing distance from the right and left hand, that the pocket question had reached its most exaggerated form. But there is a worse thing than an inaccessible pocket—no pocket at all. You have not seen a woman lately struggling to attain the unattainable with that uncertain look in her eye born of repeated failures. There is nothing left to struggle for. No more the sensitive young person is seen in the street care blushing under the gaze of interested fellow-passengers in the active pursuit of the elusive pocket. Carry your purse; hide your handkerchief like an ace up your sleeve; do without little extras in the shape of knives, pencils and latch-keys—well organized female minds never require such luxuries. True, you will not be able to retain a handkerchief for any length of time. Reproving relations will return them to you from the piano, the sofa, the table, the floor. Your best lace handkerchief will never return.

This is unkind of Fate. Women never treated pockets or their contents with the disrespect shown them by men. Men carry money loose in their pockets, and produce a handful, from which they select the required amount. Did you ever see a woman take a handful of money from her pocket? A woman would regard thrusting a five dollar bill into her pocket as little short of madness. A pocket of gold was not named after a woman's pocket.

Where would you have been if your grandmother had had no pocket? Life would have had no alleviating circumstances then. The grandmother of the future will never dispense unmerited favors to her descendants. Let us be thankful we were not selected to be grandchildren in the dim future. PENNY.

A New Deal.

The men around town couldn't for the life of them make out what had come over their old chum, Arthur Pridham. Arthur used to be a "dead game sport in the first flight." When there was any boxing, cock-fighting, or poker playing on foot, Arthur was right in it. For the last few months he has not been seen among "the old gang." He quit and "never came back." He can now be found every Sunday morning at an English church in the north-eastern part of the city and is as enthusiastic about anything that concerns church or Sunday school matters as he ever was about sporting affairs. Speaking to one of his newly made friends on the way home from church last Sunday he said: "I'll tell you what made the change in me. One bright, sunny Sunday morning last summer I was returning home after an all night's spree. We drank, smoked and played poker until long after daylight. I had a splitting headache, in fact, I was just in such a state of mind that I didn't care whether I lived or not—many a fellow has no doubt done away with himself when in the same mental condition. Well, I happened to pass a certain English church as they were singing the morning hymn. The doors were open. I stopped and listened. 'Twas an old familiar hymn:

> Awake, my soul, and with the sun
> Thy daily stage of duty run,
> Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise
> To pay thy morning sacrifice.
>
> Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past
> And live this day as if thy last,
> Improve thy talent with due care,
> For the great day thyself prepare.

"It was the same old tune. I knew the hymn so well that it brought up a thousand memories long since past. I thought of an old ivy-covered church in a little village in Yorkshire. I sang in the village choir thirty years ago and was then the hope and pride of my poor old father and mother, who now sleep side by side in that same churchyard. I cannot describe my feelings. I stood and wept. Remorse and shame filled my very soul. I went home and pulled myself together. That night I went to church for the first time in four years and began a new and happier life."

LEADER LANE.

Bob's Dog.

My cousin Bob has a dog, whose praises he used to be continually sounding in my tired ears, but I went out on a shooting expedition with Bob last week, and I haven't heard of the dog since, for reasons which I shall explain.

We were feeling pretty blue, for we had been tramping around all afternoon without shooting even a partridge, when at last we spied some wild ducks disporting themselves on a small pond. Bob immediately fired and succeeded in hitting one. "Go for it, Rover. Bring it out. Good dog," says Bob to his spaniel, which at once splashes into the water and seizing the duck commences to shake it vigorously. "Stop that, you brute," shouts Bob. The dog at once drops the duck into the water. "Bring it here." Rover picks it up and shakes it again, making the feathers fly in all directions. "Bring it here," again shouts Bob in a voice of thunder. The dog promptly drops his burden into the water again.

"You have him well trained," I say wickedly. No answer from Bob, but he takes off his boots, rolls up his trowsers and wades into the middle of the pond. Taking hold of the back of the neck, he says in tones of determination, "Pick up that duck." Rover picks it up. "Take it out." Rover drops it again. "Pick it up," says Bob once more, in tones easier imagined than described. Rover takes it up savagely in his teeth. Bob then puts both his hands firmly around the dog's mouth, holding the duck in it, and a splashing procession starts for the bank.

Reaching the bank, Bob removes the mangled remains of the poor duck from the dog's mouth, gives him several sound slaps on the side of the head, presumably to warm him up, and then, administering a gentle kick, to accelerate matters, no doubt, orders him home.

"What is it you call this fowl?" I ask, as innocently as possible. "It is a duck," answers Bob distinctly, but in a voice which prohibits any further questions. MARGUERITE.

That Hat.

A neat example of the royal retort courteous was that on the occasion of the king's visit to Dublin in 1821. "At a court held here, Lord Kinsale thought fit to air his ancient hereditary privilege of remaining covered when before the sovereign. George the Fourth, whose sense of propriety was wounded by this breach of good taste on the part of the Irish peer, said to him, 'My Lord of Kinsale, we recognize your privilege to wear your hat in the presence of your king, but it does not appear whence you draw your authority for covering your head in the company of ladies.'"

People of Yesterday.

This Ends the Matter, Showing how Utter Demoralization Fell Upon My Purely Fictitious Village.

BY MACK.

SOME two years before the solemn peace of the rosy little hamlet had been so hopelessly disturbed by the advent of the student, another person, destined in time to wreak more fatal havoc, had come from the mysterious outside and opened a harness shop. Before his coming the horses wore harness, of course, but no person around there ever bought any harness—what they had, seemed to be constructed of everlasting leather and to possess immortal good looks. Seeing nothing better, nothing better was coveted. But all this changed after Mr. Saddler's arrival. A young farmer in a moment of extravagance would buy a new bridle, or have a brass buckle put on somewhere, and then the balance of the gear would look wretchedly mean in such gorgeous company, and that young farmer would never enjoy a moment's content until he had a new set of harness throughout. Gray heads were sadly shaken and wrinkled faces looked disapprovingly on the spendthrift habits which the new tradesman was encouraging by means of his burnished buckles and patent leather. But the fault was mostly charged against the customers instead of the dealer, for was not Mr. Saddler a regular attendant at divine service?

The village was situated on a road crossing, miles distant from any railway and far from the demoralizing influence of a newspaper. One or two of the more worldly people, it is true, subscribed to a church weekly, but the majority confined their reading to the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. Even the authorized school-books were brought under religious discipline and the teacher instructed to forbid his pupils to read the Vision of Mirza, for instance, as it was clearly a lie invented by the author and not a spectacle which he had actually witnessed. Bingen on the Rhine was also interdicted, the trustees somehow suspecting the morals of that other, "not a sister in the happy days gone by;" or, now that I think of it, perhaps their disapproval found origin in "the merriment that sparkled in her eye," for the poet had given no assurance that she had grasped the promises of salvation, and therefore it might be assumed that her mirth was of the godless kind. According to the code, the only things that had any right to sparkle in the human eye were tears of regret and penitence, and the only permissible mirth was the circumspect mirth of a ransomed sinner as he turned to mock the perils he had evaded. Sometimes it would occur to me as unfortunate that almost any kind of mirth was wicked, while almost any kind of gloom and sourness and melancholy silliness was regarded as piety. In this village a child who laughed aloud on Sunday would ask the All-Father to forgive the sin, though with very small hope of pardon for such an enormity. But in surmising what caused the trustees to forbid the reading of certain portions of the text books, I never could and cannot now conceive the reason why Lucy Gray was put on the black list, while the story of Audubon, with its horrible one-eyed fiend, remained a legitimate study. I have mentioned the school merely to illustrate the thorough-going nature of the religious element of the place. It was supreme and exercised supremacy. There was no opposing body. At this late day I recognize that the hotel-keeper, had as he seemed in his lonesome wickedness, would have been catechised next thing to a saint in any less sainted community.

There was but one church in the village and in it every Sabbath morning and evening all people met and worshiped. It was a Presbyterian church but those of other denominations had joined, and hair-splitting doctrines had been put aside. A grim and austere religious practice had been formulated by blending the harshest necessities of each denomination represented in the fusion of peoples. The sermons were an hour and a half long and exceeding pains were spent to make them dull—Presbyterian feature. Class-meetings, prayer and revival meetings were constantly being held and collections taken up—Methodist feature. Converts were baptised in a large tank, wherein, at a signal, they could be submerged if thought expedient—Baptist feature. The people were required to fast in Lent—Anglican feature. Anything forbidden in any church was forbidden there. Accustomed to it, it was no hardship to the people. They were as happy as they felt entitled to be under any circumstances, for if a man is allowed to keep a weight on his own shoulders that he could throw off at will, he rather fancies being crushed and listens eagerly to hear his spine break.

The harness-maker concealed his insidious purposes for a time, but one day he arose at a church meeting and advocated the introduction of an organ. Everybody gasped for breath, and it seemed as though the scandalized air rushed out of the building leaving behind only the small portion that chanced to be in the lungs of those present. But this, too, seemed to rush out on being liberated, so that the good people were like to strangle, but that outside air, not knowing of the profane suggestion made by the harness-maker, came to the rescue of the pious gathering. Then a dozen men arose to speak all at the same moment, but the old pastor raised his hands as when pronouncing a benediction, closed his eyes and bade all bow in prayer. He beseeched pardon for the erring brother who on impulse and with inadequate notions of the reverence due the Creator of all things proposed to substitute for the human voice a machine made by the hands of sinful man. That aged pastor was neither the first nor the last to evade a doubtful discussion by putting the throne of grace as a breast-work between himself and his adversary.

Then the meeting was dismissed before anyone could speak, although the harness-maker seemed disposed to argue the matter out by means of a counter-prayer. Outside, the discussion commenced and many were found who supported the innovation, especially among the younger people. From that day on, for six months the terrible battle raged. Mr. Saddler had formerly lived in the county town, and what did he do but write a long letter to one of the weekly papers there discussing the organ question, and he brought in one hundred copies for distribution among the excited people. It so happened that the shoemaker, who was an anti-organist—some said that the loss of his trade in hamestraps made him punctilious as to the manner of praising the Almighty—had a cousin in a newspaper office down country somewhere, and so he had a letter published and papers distributed. Of course he referred contemptuously to the "kist o' whustles," and of course the harness-maker retorted a week later very severely, telling an anecdote about a black bull and a mean squire. After that anecdote the two factions glared across the church at each other for a couple of Sundays, and then the anti-organists had the place of worship to themselves. The papers soon had three or four letters each week on the question, fierce and angry letters, those in favor of the organ always concluding with some reference to the black bull. The anti's made several frantic attempts to bring the prestige of an anecdote into their cause to banderillo the black bull, but to no purpose, although one story told by the pastor about an ass and a Mohammedan was regarded as a success for a day or two. In truth, the mental habits of the anti's for twenty years were not conducive to any great anecdotal proficiency, and so the black bull gored its onward way.

To shorten this sad relation, I will say that those favoring an organ started out with a subscription and raised money to erect a new church and buy an organ. They succeeded, and as the building neared completion still others deserted the old church and its pastor. To prevent further desertions, the old kirk people put up a new church also. When the seceders got their new building ready and the organ in, the harness maker came out in his true colors, and, having a majority with him, made the place a Methodist church. This angered the Presbyterian minority, which returned to the fold, where the overjoyed flock, to cement the union, agreed to get an organ and shelve the old pastor. Of course some half-dozen of the older people quit the kirk entirely, holding service occasionally in the pastor's dining-room. The Baptists, refused the sacred privilege of immersion by both the new ministers, roved aimlessly about for a year, and then erected a little chapel of their own, where the words of the apostle, "into the water," were interpreted to their infinite relish. The Anglicans, scandalized at the full-stomached Lent of the other denominations, stood apart for two years longer, and then bought up the evacuated first church of all, so that presently the four bodies were wrangling and cross-wiring and struggling toward a compartmental heaven by devious paths. It is to be hoped that it is compartmental, for, if there be but one, many will miss it.

While these disputes were proceeding, the county-town paper sent down a canvasser and secured seventy-eight subscribers; Lucy Gray was again read in the schools; a lawyer, attracted by their bickerings, opened an office in the village and waxed rich; an outsider secured a tavern license and built an opposition hotel, the old landlord having shown Anglican leanings, and, probably to encourage one or the other bar, the people commenced to drink excessively, while, to cap all, the foreman of the county-town paper, having lost his situation, came down and started a weekly paper next door to the post office.

So you will see that the demoralization of my fictitious village was swift, terrible, and complete.

Making a Sure Thing of It.

Upson Downes—Do you mind lending me your umbrella, old man?

Howell Gibbons—What do you want an umbwella to-day faw? Why, ther' isn't a cloud in the sky!

Upson Downes—I know it; but there's no telling when it may rain, and I want to be on the safe side.

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

A LETTER FROM SAN PEDRO.

"I explained to you in my former letter that I had taken a rather round-about way to my destination. If this distracting country had been provided with railways, or even anything like what we call a road, I could have reached this place much more quickly. There are, considering the size of the country, no railways worth speaking of, and the roads are nothing more than rude clearings through woods and the gentlest inclines, mules can pick out up and down the hills and mountains. Many parts of the country no white man has yet seen, and although it is rich beyond description in all things which nature gives, much of it that I have passed through, and this place most of all, is almost as nature made it.

"Vera Paz is the name of a department as well as of a town—if, indeed, the miserable place in which I write now can be called a town. It appears Arthur Stebbing lived at San Pedro, a few leagues from this miserable collection of cabins. To-morrow I set off for San Pedro. I shall take this letter with me unfinished, and by some means or another get it sent on for post. Of course, there is no such thing as a postoffice there. Most likely no one there can write. Here, people speak of San Pedro as a wretched place. It must be deplorable, indeed, if worse than the city of Vera Paz! However, Edie, good or bad, San Pedro is all one to me. I take no interest in it, or rather I take no interest in it only so far as it is my goal, and only so long as I shall use it and require for changing it into a point of departure for home. I now well understand what the poet meant when he spoke of drawing at each remove a lengthening chain. Often when at night I have flung myself down, worn out and dispirited by the journey of the day, I have wondered to myself if it were possible ever to find a way back over that weary country.

"Often when I have awakened in the middle of the night and lain listening to the awful sounds of the solitary primeval forests I have believed myself already in another world. At such times I do not know whether the silence or the sounds are the more awful. No doubt the awfulness of the silence is increased by the unexpected sounds, and the awfulness of the sounds is helped by their happening in a silence which seems destined never to be broken, except by the last trumpet.

"Now all at once you hear a rustle in the leaves and a rattle in the branches high above your head, and then a crash and a scream and clatter of something falling, followed by the silence of death, and all the rest of the night goes on in silence. At another time you hear far off a scream and a groan, like the groan of man, and then no more, even if you do not sleep till daylight. You are lying all awake and listening, trying to unlearn the lesson of the silence with your ears, when suddenly, you know not how, you become aware something is rushing through the air somewhere at a terrific speed, there is a shriek and a thud and a crash; and after all the rest a moan, and then the silence once more. You wake suddenly with terror, feeling something fearful, you know not what, is about to happen, and instantly a great musical note, one note of one sounding vibrates through all the darkness of the forest and shakes your hair and your flesh. The sound is as if the steel mast of a battle ship had been struck against one of the giant trees of the forest. Then all is still, but you can sleep on more, and you hear no more till day. For none of these sounds can you or anyone with you account. They are more terrifying than the roarings of the pumas.

"One sound the nights in these parts all know. It begins with a creeping shiver. You rise upon your elbow and listen. There is a swashing tear and clatter of thunder, and then a great bursting roar, as though all the sounds of a tempest met in one. The ground on which you are lying shakes, and the trees above you whisper and shudder. One of the giant trees of the forest, a monster two hundred and fifty feet high, twenty-five feet through at the base, and hundreds of years old has fallen where it has stood for centuries.

"In former letters I have told you my adventures by day and night. What I have written above are experiences apart. They have nothing to do with you or you with them. But these sounds of night in the primeval forest are more impressive, more full of awe, and bring one nearer to realizing what space and eternity must be like than all else I have heard or seen.

"I am writing this here partly to kill time. I am so excited at finding myself within arm's length of what I came for that I cannot sleep. I thought I should be calm and collected; I find myself nothing of the sort. You remember how you and I plotted to be calm and collected at our leave taking, and how neither of us acted the part very perfectly! I am now about to meet this legacy which means everything to me, and I am not so much at ease as I expected to be.

"By some strange freak of the mind I have settled that I shall go home from this seven thousand pounds richer than I came. Nothing could be more absurd than for any man to permit himself to give thought to such senseless presentiments. But I have so little control over the sum I always receive in imagination, that I find myself arranging matters at Furham and in the Isle of Dogs as if the money were in the Bank of England for me.

"But there! I will write no more to you now. You will have a fine budget when this gets to Muscovy place, for I hope to add particulars of San Pedro to-morrow. I shall be there by noon, and between that and darkness I shall find out how things stand. I ought to be able to form a very fair estimate of how near the seven thousand I shall get.

"I know nothing about the laws of this country. I cannot say what time will be necessary to establish my rights. I thought it best to see my uncle's place first, and pick up all I can gather about it on the spot before taking legal steps of any kind. I have no doubt that it will be necessary for me to go to Guatemala again. I suppose all things are done best from a capital. Anyway, I am pretty sure to reach London in two months or nine weeks from this.

"Now, I will really stop! and I expect the next part of this letter, the finish of it, will be written from Arthur Stebbing's house in San Pedro."

"SAN PEDRO.

"I have been waylaid in the woods. I escaped with nothing but my life and the clothes I wear. I am not wounded or hurt in any way but my pocket.

"Since my uncle's death there have been desperate doings here. His house has been plundered and burnt down by the Mestizoes. All his wealth consisted in herds, and his herds have been driven off. I have been trying to find out if there is a chance of recovering any of his property. There is no chance whatever.

"It is a week since I wrote the earlier part of this letter. During that week I have made certain there is no chance of recovering any of Arthur Stebbing's property. One penny of it can never be got back. The Mestizoes, or half-castes, are the most cowardly and revengeful wretches on earth. They had a grudge against the old man and they took delight, after their savage nature, in reducing everything of his that would burn to ashes.

"No one but Arthur Stebbing and his servants lived at San Pedro. His servants themselves led the pillage. When I arrived here I found a solitude. I came alone and unable to speak the language of the people, if any people happened to be here. There was not a soul but one old Indian to whom the dead man had been kind. This old Indian can speak a little English and from him I learned all I know.

"The old Indian has hidden me and promises to get this letter forwarded to Vera Paz for post. He says that an attempt to go back to Vera Paz would be certain death for me. When we were attacked on the way here I escaped instant death by tumbling into a gully and lying stunned there for hours. They thought I had been killed. Since I got here they have heard of my escape and are watching the way back to Vera Paz. It is twelve miles from this to that, and if I stirred in that direction I should be set upon and despatched.

"I cannot stay here with safety more than a few hours. The old Indian promises when it is dark to put me on a track which will take me away from the men who seek my life. I shall do my best to save my life, though I scarcely know why. For me all is lost. The money I borrowed to come out here cannot be paid back in the time specified. Perhaps Wrighton & Fry would give me more time. Even if they do, it would take years to pay them off. I am writing to Sherwin about the business part of the affair. I enclose my letter to you for him. Will you please give it to him? I have to write you about another aspect of the matter.

"Having, in the way I tell you about, been despoiled and beggared and left stranded and helpless in an unknown and uncivilized land, no man could do less than instantly release you from your engagement. I do not think I need say a word more than that, from the moment you get this letter, I look on you as free. I will not say anything to you about my feelings. You will have no means of communicating with me, because I can give you no notion of where to write. If I reach British Honduras alive, I will write you from there, and if I reach England alive, I will call upon you. Good-bye and God bless you, Edith Orr.

"Yours ever most sincerely,

"JOHN CRANE."

Edith Orr, standing inside the glass door at Muscovy place, had begun reading Crane's letter at the point headed "San Pedro." When she came to the signature she became unconscious, she knew not why or how. It was at this time that Jeaters, seeing something wrong, ran across the street, and as he opened the door, received her in his arms.

Jeaters carried her to the room behind the shop and laid her on the couch. Mrs. Orr, in great excitement and alarm, hastened as well as she could from behind the counter, and began employing means for reviving the unconscious girl. Jeaters ran out to a chemist for smelling salts and sal volatile.

While he was away Edith opened her eyes, and to the widow's great joy, spoke:

"Did I faint, mother?"

"Yes, darling; but what sent you off I do not know. Drink a little of this water. Mr. Fancourt is gone to the chemist for something to do you good."

"Mr. Fancourt? How did he come here?"

"I am sure I don't know, Edie. I think it must have been for his watch or portmanteau. What gave you a turn, dear?"

"It must have been the bad news from Jack. He has been robbed of every penny he had with him. He will never get any money in that dreadful place he went to, and he cannot pay back what he borrowed in the city before he went away, and he may be sold out at Water lane."

With a groan the old woman fell on a chair.

"And he has given me back my engagement. He says I am free."

The old woman covered her face with her apron, and rocked herself to and fro on her chair. She was speechless with horror, and helpless with fear. She dreaded what was going to happen next. She would not have been surprised if the roof fell, or the ground opened, or the river burst its bounds.

"He has no money for coming back to England, nor can any be sent to him, for he has no address. His life is in danger. The savages of the place he is in would kill him if he attempted to go back the way he came, and he will try o get away by another route, and with no money in his pocket."

"Oh, oh, oh!" groaned the poor mother, rocking herself to and fro. "Oh, my Edie! my darling one, my heart bleeds for you! I wish I could die for him. And we have no one that could lend us money."

"Money would be no use to us now. If we had all the money in the mint we couldn't send him a shilling, for we do not know where he is. This letter has been more than a month coming, and he has been traveling away from where he wrote it all the time."

"But if we had some money now we could give it to Mr. Sherwin for Water lane, and prevent that being sold up," said Mrs. Orr, taking down her apron under the inspiriting feeling that something might yet be done by them for John Crane, her daughter's man.

"But, mother, I do not think Wrighton & Fry will do anything harsh. Jack told me they were always most friendly, and that they had more than once hinted he could have money of them for business purposes. When we hear from him next, I am sure Mr. Sherwin will be able to arrange about the borrowed money, and to borrow as much more as Jack will need for the journey home." Even in the few seconds since her awakening, hope had begun to cheer the breast of the girl.

"Hush, dear, there is Mr. Fancourt come back with the things he went to the chemist's for."

Edith sat up as Jeaters entered the room "What," he cried, with a smile of pleasant astonishment, "you able to rise already! This is astonishing! But you positively must not make too bold. You really must rest a good while, and you must—mind, I say you must—swallow this."

He poured out something in a glass, put the glass in her hand, and insisted on her taking the draught.

"Naturally, Mrs. Orr, you wonder what brought me here to-day. Well, to tell you the truth in a few words, I was in the city, and I heard a piece of news which made me think of watches and optical instruments, and that put me in mind of my own watch, which I have for weeks forgotten to claim. Then I thought of my poor dilapidated old portmanteau with my clothes and the clothes-line that isn't mine. So I resolved to call and get my property. You know I am a close neighbor? Oh, you don't know. Very well. Anyway, I am a close neighbor. Miss Orr, you are looking much better now, but you must rest an hour or two." He turned from the girl to the mother. "Mrs. Orr, I suppose you heard the news to which I refer?"

"No."

"Wrighton and Fry, the great opticians and instrument makers on the Viaduct, are bankrupt. What's the matter, Mrs. Orr? Miss Orr, I hope you don't feel as if you were going to faint again?"

Edith had stood up, and pale as a ghost, was staring at him with distended eyes.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FRANK JEATERS CROSSES THE ROAD.

Frank Jeaters had not that day arrived on the scene at Muscovy place merely by coincidence. Although he had not called at Orr's or shown himself much in the neighborhood since becoming a lodger of Cresswell, the tobacconist, on the other side of the Furham road, he had not been neglecting to keep an eye on the affairs of the little household opposite.

It would, he had told himself, be a thousand shames and a thousand pities if now, after all he had gone through for love of Edith Orr, she were to slip through his fingers into the arms of an every day mechanic like this insignificant, plain looking, unattractive Crane.

From that awful night in the St. Vincent the Thames had given up nothing, and now if anything did reach the shore it would be as unidentifiable as though it had lain in the water a thousand years. He had nothing to dread any longer from the river. In fact, by the day he found himself once more across the threshold of number eight he had completely conquered his dread of the river, and had even begun to lose the vivid consciousness that the Thames had ever been a source of terror or threat to him.

At ordinary times Jeaters might be counted the most incurious of men. But from the moment Cresswell informed him that Edith was engaged to Crane he became interested not only in Crane himself, but in Crane's fortunes also.

Cresswell told him Crane had been borrowing money on the Water lane business of Wrighton & Fry. A friend of Cresswell's had seen an account of the transaction in a paper devoted to matters of the kind. Cresswell also told Jeaters that Crane had taken Sherwin into partnership.

It was not until after Crane had left the country that Jeaters learned these facts, and very soon after hearing of them he caught the rumor that Wrighton & Fry were in a bad way and that their insolvency might be expected at any moment.

Jeaters knew next to nothing of business, but he guessed that if anything happened to Wrighton & Fry, Crane & Co. would be in a bad way. If the crash came before Crane returned things most likely would be worse for Crane & Co. than if the principal of that firm were at home.

"Anyway," as he puts it to himself, "if there is a business smash-up while he is absent the ridiculous engagement may be broken off and I might reappear with advantage. The best time for me to turn up again over the road would be when I can be of some use, and by that time the novelty of the engagement will have worn off, and the absence of Crane will have loosened his hold on the old woman, for, of course, there is no use in considering the girl herself had any voice in the selection of such a poor-looking creature for a mate. Mate! Why, he isn't worthy to be her serf!"

Another consideration, too, had weighed with Jeaters in keeping him back until now, though he didn't give this consideration words or even allow it a recognized place in his mind. He wished a little more time to elapse between this new love-making and the old love-making, with its ghastly going off at Verdon place.

That day in the parlor when Edith rose from the couch in dismay on hearing that Wrighton & Fry were bankrupt, his first feeling was one of triumph in his own sagacity. This was followed by a pang of jealousy, for he could not suppose this young girl was moved so violently as she now seemed to be over the mere money aspect of Crane's business. This feeling of jealousy gave place to a third of love and pity. It was dreadful to see this beautiful young girl looking so scared and terrified and helpless.

"Oh, Miss Orr," said he, with real solicitude and generous thought of her only, "what is it? What so alarms you? Can I do anything?" He turned to the mother. "Mrs. Orr, whatever has happened, I hope you will look on me as a friend. Can I be of any use?"

"It's dreadful," cried Mrs. Orr, completely prostrated by the second calamity following so quickly upon the other. "It's dreadful, and to think of that poor young man lost and robbed of everything he had by heathen Indians, and all his uncle's property carried off by them, and he without a penny to bring him home! Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!" and she flung her apron over her head to shut out the distracting sight. She began swaying her body to and fro once more, to dull her realization of the new disaster.

At that moment the shop door opened and Ben Sherwin entered in wild haste. Finding no one in the shop he burst into the sitting-room and glanced around in dismay, crying, "You have heard all here! You have heard that Wrighton & Fry are gone! Of course you know if they have failed and Crane is not back with that American money before the six months are up, nothing can save Crane & Co. being sold up to the last screw!"

Ben Sherwin was an admirable workman and a completely honest fellow, as Crane had said; but as Crane well knew, Ben had no head for business beyond the work of the bench, and it was not until he had blurted out unthinkingly, he reflected that he should have said nothing without mature consideration, and it was not till he had looked round a second time and saw a stranger that he knew he should then have said nothing at all. He stood just inside the door breathless. He looked from one to another with frightened eyes, and kept nervously running the rim of his hat around between his two hands, as if he were searching for a well known break in the rim, and was disquieted by not finding it.

Mrs. Orr sat groaning and rocking herself.

Jeaters stood with his hand on the table, looking from mother to daughter. He would have given all the world for the right to put his arm round that tall, beautiful girl, who, in her moving trouble and pale affright, carried her head so high and so free. But he felt in his heart of hearts that he was not worthy to offer consolation to her—that she would repel him. Could it be that this girl would repel him, the good-looking, the accomplished, the successful man of education, birth and manners, listen to that other man with no pretensions to good looks or accomplishments, or education, or birth, or manners? Jeaters never felt anything more surely in his life than that, no matter what kind of reception this stately beauty had given the common artificer, she would repulse him. Why? Could it be instinct?

She was standing by the foot of the shabby, old, hair-covered couch. She stretched out her hand and caught the mantel-board for support. With an effort which made her eyes grow narrow and her lips tremble, she controlled herself. She spoke in calm, clear accents, which steadied the restlessness of Ben Sherwin, and made her mother cease her moaning and rocking, and caused Jeaters, he knew not why, to catch and hold his breath.

"I have just had a letter from Mr. Crane. He is on his way home. There is plenty of time for him to get back before anything need be done about Wrighton & Fry. He told me his borrowing the money from Wrighton & Fry could not be kept private. It was a matter, he said, about which there must be little talk. As I mentioned, he is on his way back now and will be here in time to attend to that affair. The moment he gets here all matters will be right."

"Has he got his uncle's money?" asked Sherwin eagerly.

"He is coming back," said she indifferently, as though all questions were answered when that was told.

Her confidence caused Sherwin a reaction after his fears of the failure in the city. "Oh, I know!" said he joyously. "Jack is coming home in a special steamboat, like a millionaire; or perhaps in his own yacht; and he'll fire a salute, and dip his flag as he passes Water lane, and he'll dip his flag and fire another salute as he drops anchor under Muscovy place, and is pulled ashore in the captain's gig."

"I had a letter from Mr. Crane, this morning," said the girl looking full at Sherwin. "This note for you, Mr. Sherwin, came enclosed in mine."

Sherwin eagerly took the note she handed him, and was about to open it, when she said in the same level confident tone:

"You can take it with you. Come to me in the evening when you have read it."

That, he felt, was at once his dismissal and

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his reproof. He bowed humbly, and backed out of the room. In the shop, he looked critically at the rim of his hat, as if even yet he could not satisfy himself there was no break in it. Then he shook his head at the hat, as though he felt disappointed with it, put it on his head, as if making up his mind to make the best of the hat, with a sigh, and left the house for Water lane. All this pantomime being rendered into words meant:

"Edith Orr did it splendidly, but there's bad news in her letter. Crane did not get any money in America, and I think the girl's heart is broken."

When Sherwin was gone, Mrs. Orr turned to her daughter, and told how Mr. Fancourt had happened to be at the door, coming for his watch and portmanteau, when she fainted, and how he carried her into the parlor.

The girl thanked him, and said, "Your portmanteau is under the couch, and if you will come with me you can have your watch. it is in the shop."

"I have turned up just in the nick of time," thought Jeaters, as he followed her. "How magnificently she took possession of us all, when that idiotic young man was going to read the history of Crane's disasters and misfortunes. That's the woman I have dreamed of all my life. A woman with a man's firmness and a woman's tact and an angel's beauty. Now for getting back to my approaches abandoned a couple of months ago! Now for my first parallel in the siege."

"Three shillings," the girl said, as she handed him the watch.

"And you will charge me nothing for storage all this time?" he asked, with a smile.

"No," she answered him, smiling brightly.

"Perhaps," he thought, "she is secretly glad that muddy-nettled Crane is unsuccessful in America. Perhaps she is in no hurry for his return. May the creature never see England again!"

"Sometimes a sailor leaves a watch here for repairs, goes round the world and comes back in three years for it, and even him we do not charge storage."

"Is this hysteria, or acting, or relief at deliverance from a man for whom she never had a liking?" thought Jeaters. He said: "I have not been quite as far as round the world since I saw you last on the ferry boat, Miss Orr. I have taken a couple of rooms just opposite, at Cresswell's. The place does me well enough, though," with a shrug, "people who are very particular might not find it very convenient. I try not to give much trouble. I get my meals brought in—we have only a charwoman. Of course, I should much prefer this side of the road, and your charming window over-looking the river. Has anyone come to live in your rooms yet?" It occurred to Jeaters that in the face of the bad news from the city and America he might now have a better chance of getting the rooms he hankered after because of her who found shelter under the same roof.

"The person who we thought would like the rooms cannot come, it is true, but still we are scarcely free to let them. It was for a relative, a cousin of Mr. Crane's, we were thinking of the rooms."

"A lady or a gentleman?" asked Jeaters politely, partly to show he was attending, and partly to give Edith time, for he could see she was in perplexity.

"A lady; a Mrs. Pollie——"

"Eh!" he said, with a little start—the name taking him unawares.

"A Mrs. Fannie Blackwood," said Edith, correcting herself hastily. "But it appears Mrs. Blackwood has an objection to living at either Verdon or Furham or at this side of the water hereabouts. So I don't suppose there is any use in keeping the rooms longer for her."

"Ah," said he, "I love this side of the river. I cannot conceive how everyone does not love this side of the river. Each day I live, of late, I love this side of the river more and more, and if I could only live on this side of the road I should be quite content; say I may come." He did not impart any sentimental or shy significance into these words. He did not intend that they should have any meaning for the beautiful girl before him but their obvious and common-place meaning. He uttered them merely for the delight of his own ears, and made them relevant in his own mind to the beautiful girl before him.

Edith was trying to make up her mind to say he might come. What he had volunteered about the cord in his valise, the cord of which he could not think she knew anything, had been quite satisfactory to her mind. In addition to a feeling of remorse for her former suspicion, there was the consideration that now when Jack was destitute in a wild part of America and his business threatened by disaster at home, every penny became of double, treble, quadruple value, and last of all that was kind of pity for this fine-looking gentleman in the hands of Cresswell and a charwoman, this man who, no matter what may have been his history, was plainly not accustomed to Cresswell's rude manner of living and who was not, she would stake her life, a burglar or a thief.

"If Jack could only speak to me I know he would tell me to take this Mr. Fancourt as a lodger, if it were for no other reason than that the money is wanted and he is no longer a stranger hereabouts, but he lived for two months directly opposite."

She said aloud, "I'll ask my mother, if you will be so kind as to wait a moment for me."

He bowed acquiescence.

Wait a moment for her! He, Frank Jeaters, wait a moment for her! Why, he had been waiting all his life for her, though he had not met her until a few months ago! Wait a moment for her! Good Heavens! He'd wait a year or seven years for her! If ever he placed his foot across that threshold he felt as certain of success as though he were walking down from the altar with her on his arm.

Edith reappeared. "My mother says she will be very glad if you come, and she said we will do the best we can for you, Mr. Fancourt."

That night Frank Jeaters slept under Mrs. Orr's roof.

(To be Continued.)

Her Chance.

"Ethel seems to think that her chance for marrying is slim."

"Is that so? What is Mr. Slim's first name?"

A LONDON MIRACLE.

AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT BY A WELL KNOWN CITIZEN.

Mr. E. J Powell, of 35 Alma Street, Relates His Remarkable Experience to an Advertiser Representative — Tortured by Malignant Rheumatism From Boyhood, He at Last Escapes From Misery—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

London Advertiser:

At 35 Alma street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who has resided in London and vicinity for about six years, and who enjoys the esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the Province. Those who know him are doubtless aware that he has been a sufferer since his youth from rheumatism in its worst form. His acquaintances in the city, who remember the long siege of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, have been surprised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that has taken place. The haggard face and almost crippled form of a year ago have given way to an appearance of robustness, vigor and agility that certainly seem the result of miraculous agency.

Hearing of this a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The scribe first asked if the reports concerning his wonderful restoration to health were true. "I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known around here."

"To what do you owe your recovery?" was asked.

"I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer saying nothing at present. I have suffered nearly all my life with a malady I had begun to regard as incurable, and the fact that I am permanently relieved appears incredible. In common parlance, it seems too good to last. I want to be sure that I am permanently cured before anything is made public, so that when I do give a testimonial it will have some weight. You may call again later on and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and was admitted by that gentleman himself. The latter said he was now absolutely convinced of the permanency of his cure, but being a man who did not care for publicity, he had hesitated long before he could make up his mind to allow his name to be used. Coming from one of his conscientiousness and probity of character, his words cannot fail to have the weight they deserve.

"The primary cause of my rheumatism," said Mr. Powell, "I attribute to a severe thrashing administered to me by a school teacher when I was thirteen or fourteen years of age. I received injuries then which subsequently brought me years of suffering. The first time I really felt any rheumatic trouble was one day when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria College, Cobourg, which institution I was attending as a student. This was in 1872. A twinge of pain caught me, but passed away in an instant. I did not know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation and that marked the commencement. After that I was attacked at various periods, though it was not until 1876 that I began to grow alarmed. I was living then in Toronto, keeping books for my brother, who was in the wholesale tea business, and as I resided in North Pembroke street and had to walk to Wellington street every day, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines advertised to cure complaints of my nature. I was not benefitted, however. The rheumatism passed away only to return in the fall and spring. In 1878 I engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that out I was at indoor work, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute at times. In taking stock one day it became so severe that I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the effects remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1880.

"For a number of years afterwards I continued to grow worse and worse. In 1884 I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and having a good deal of walking to do, I experienced the pain constantly that summer. It was all day and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on the street, relax the muscles of my left leg and let it swing until the spasm was over. At most, I could walk but three or four blocks and would then have to halt. I consulted medical men and was advised to try electricity. I took the treatment steadily for several weeks, getting sometimes two or three charges a day on the hands and feet from an electric battery. But it did me not the slightest good. At last my health became so bad that I decided to quit the real estate business and enter upon rural life, thinking that the change of air and occupation might have a beneficial effect. So I exchanged some property for the old Dr. Woodruff fruit farm near the city. I worked it one year, but found it was too laborious for my complaint, which was fast rendering my life a burden. I reluctantly left the farm and came into London three years ago last May. I did some building here, but my malady prevented me from actively engaging in business.

"A year ago last winter the first snow fell on December 1; I went out to shovel the snow, and before I got through I was seized with a pain and had to go into the house. For fourteen weeks I never left it. The only way in which I could be moved was by being wheeled around in an easy chair. What I suffered during that period no one but myself can ever realize. I was attended by the best physician in the city of London. Possibly his treatment was not without temporary effect; at any rate I gradually recovered until I was able to be on my feet once more. I decided to try country life again, and went back to my farm last year, but I still found I had it as bad as ever. I was living in dread of having to go through another ordeal, when I read in the papers about this Marshall miracle in Hamilton. I had then as much faith in Pink Pills as I had in other patent medicines—and that wasn't very great. I did not bother with them nor did I think of the matter again until last September. I saw Mr. Marshall at the Western Fair and he advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him I did not think the remedy claimed to cure rheumatism, and that although I had certainly ocular proof that his own was bona fide, my complaint was different to his. Mr. Marshall said he could not say whether it would cure rheumatism or not, but the pills were good for the blood anyway, and at least it would do me no harm to try half a dozen boxes. I neglected his advice; it would be useless to try a medicine, I thought. Many of my friends, who had probably read of the remarkable cures accomplished by Pink Pills, kept urging me to give them a trial.

"At last I yielded and bought six boxes as a sort of forlorn hope. I took four boxes and received no benefit that I could recognize, but while taking the fifth I noticed that for a period of three or four days I felt no pain. This was a novelty to me, as for three or four years I had not known what it was to have a moment's freedom from suffering, whether in bed or out of it. I supposed it was a temporary relaxation due to natural causes. However, it gave me some hope to finish the sixth box. Then I knew I was getting better—much better. The pain which had been constant became intermittent and less severe. My friends and family told me that I was beginning to look like another man. My face, which had begun to wear a drawn expression, common with people who are suffering, commenced to show a better color. My system was being toned up. Inspired with increased hope I purchased six more boxes from Mr. Mitchell, the druggist, and continued to take them, and with each box I realized more and more that it was a cure. I used up thirteen boxes in all, and when the thirteenth was finished I had not had a symptom of pain for three months.

"At that time Mr. Mitchell spoke to me about it in the store. I told him what a blessed change had been wrought for me through the use of Pink Pills. He asked me if I would object to giving a testimonial to the firm—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company of Brockville. I said I was not a man who cared for notoriety of any character, and did not relish the idea of having my name published broadcast over the land. That is one of the reasons why I have been so long in making this public. But I am so profoundly grateful for my rescue from a life of pain to one of health and strength that I feel I would be neglecting a duty I owe to suffering humanity if I allowed these scruples to interfere any longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I discontinued taking Pink Pills the 1st of April last. I started again in June and have used six boxes, not because I have had any recurrence of my old complaint, but because I want to thoroughly drive it out of my system. I think the pills as good as a tonic.

"Now," concluded Mr. Powell, "you have my experience. I know what I was; I know what I am. I know that from boyhood I have been a victim of malignant rheumatism, which has been a torture the last few years. I know that I have tried every remedy and been treated by the best medical skill, but in vain; and I know that Pink Pills have succeeded where everything else has failed and that they have brought me back health and happiness. Therefore I ought to be thankful, and I am thankful." And Mr. Powell's intense earnestness of manner could admit of no doubt as to his gratitude and sincerity. The reporter shook hands and took his leave. "You may ask Rev. Mr. McIntyre of the Askin street Methodist church, or Rev. G. A. Andrews, B. A., pastor of the Lambeth circuit, whether I was a sick man or not," were his parting words.

REV. MR. M'INTYRE'S TESTIMONY.

The reporter dropped in on Rev. C. E. McIntyre at the parsonage, 82 Askin street. "I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when questioned. "He was an esteemed parishioner of mine when he lived on Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but he has since returned and is attending the Askin street church again."

"Do you remember Mr. Powell's illness a year ago last winter?"

"Yes; I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumatism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled around the house in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?"

"Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard that he had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that if he says these Pills cured him, he believes that to be the truth?"

"I do. Mr. Powell is, in my opinion, a most conscientious person, and any statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine in the store," said Mr. B. A. Mitchell, the well known druggist, upon whom the reporter next called.

"Do you know of Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr. Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was continually buying medicine of some sort, but seemed to get no better. Then he commenced to try Pink Pills. I saw he was beginning to look like a different man, so I asked him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already said, the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the voluntary statements of customers, and if necessary the proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people here who have been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature."

Mr. Hodgins, the head clerk, corroborated what Mr. Mitchell had said. The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and the general verdict was that it was a wonderful medicine. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Neglected Warning.

"I came near losing my life by being too smart. I was at Rio Janeiro and desired to go to Havana. There were at that time no steamers plying between those points, and I had to take passage on a sailing vessel. The ship was to sail before daylight, and I went aboard early to get comfortably settled. That evening I sat on the deck till long past midnight, chatting with a party of Englishmen who were a'so passengers. Presently one of them got up, tossed his cigar overboard, and announced that he was going ashore. 'The deuce you are!' exclaimed one of his companions. 'You'll get left.' 'Exactly,' he replied, 'and if I go in this ship I'll get drowned. Look there; don't you see the rats are leaving it?' and he pointed to the gang plank. Sure enough, the rats were going ashore, a hundred or more of them at a time, headed by a gray, old rodent. Well, we all laughed at the young Englishman for putting faith in sailor superstitions, and I guess I was the greatest scoffer in the lot. He went, and we remained aboard the vessel. On the second day out, the ship sprang a leak, and before night was under forty fathoms of water. We took the lifeboats and drifted about for twenty-four hours before we were picked up by a Brazilian bark and taken back to Rio. One of the first men I met was the young Englishman I had ridiculed. He was the most generous man I ever met, and never once said 'Rats.'"—*Ex.*

If you are bilious take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Something Good.

The Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* is made notable by the great richness and variety of its illustration, including a novelty in magazine pictures—a colored frontispiece—reproducing in fac-simile the rich effect of a water-color painting, made for this magazine by L. Marchetti. The literary quality of the number is indicated by the distinguished list of contributors, including such names as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Archibald Forbes, George W. Cable, Frank D. Millet, H. H. Boyesen, Octave Thanet, George A. Hibbard, Will H. Low and Kenyon Cox. The articles present a striking group on certain phases of modern art, bringing in the same number a discussion of French Wall Paintings, American Decorative Art at the World's Fair, Norwegian Painters of the Present Day, and a brief discussion of Why We Paint the Nude, by two eminent American artists, with a full-page picture by each to illustrate the text. These art articles bring together wonderful reproductions, in black and white, of original paintings by Baudry, Puvis de Chavannes, Laurens, and Cabanel among Frenchmen; Hans Dahl, Arbo, and Hansen among Norwegians; Reinhart, Weir, Shirlaw, Blashfield, Beckwith, and Dodge among Americans. It is peculiarly appropriate that Frank D. Millet, the director in charge, should write the article on Decoration at the World's Fair, that H. H. Boyesen should write of the painters of his native country, Norway, and that Will H. Low, whose education and sympathies are with French art, should discuss modern French mural painting.

By the Ocean's Side.

"When you came up the second time," said the rescuer, "and saw me about to drag you into the boat, weren't you filled with hope?"

"Well, hardly," said the rescued. "But where I wasn't full of salt water I had hope."

For Sleeplessness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATES.

Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, *and it alone*, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

Yes, Indeed!

Jaglets—There goes Bunsby, one of the wealthiest men in the city. He has a great number of irons in the fire.

Dudeleta—I should think he would care enough for his appearance to take one of his iwons and pwess cweases in his twowsers.

First Class in French.

"Now, mess, when the negative form of the verb is used *ne* must go before the auxiliary and *pas* after. Comprenez?"

Mess (whose paternal took part in the Columbian parade)—Oh, non, monsieur! you are mistaken. Pa went first and the artillery came after."

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Music.

A GOODLY audience of fashionables and music-lovers greeted the first appearance in Toronto of the far-famed Seidl orchestra on Wednesday evening last. The musical public of the city owe much to Messrs. Suckling & Sons for the enterprise which is bringing for their delectation such fine entertainments as those which they are managing this year. The highest class of concerts attainable seems to be their motto. Enjoyable as was the concert I am writing of, there were still some drawbacks. Herr Seidl was working in hard luck, as the street saying is. First of all, the Pavilion. Barren and comfortless, with seats worse than the penitentiary bench, a glaring, staring barn such as this is no place in which to enjoy to the fullest extent so esthetic an entertainment as an orchestral symphonic concert. The acoustics of the building are such that, though soft sounds may be heard and appreciated by way of comparison, yet they do not permit the finer gradations and qualities of tone to be felt in all their beauty and elegance. The crude character of the space imparts some of its hardness to the delicate *nuances* of orchestral work. Then, again, Herr Seidl has been working against a hard fate. The burning of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York deprived him of the means of keeping his splendid orchestra together, and the fifty men who played here on Wednesday evening last were hardly the flower of his flock. The *ensemble* of the orchestra suffered, as was inevitable from the paucity of strings, and the full passages were lacking in brilliancy, the wind tone subduing the effect of the violins, which was in itself hardly as pure and clear as one would have expected from the reputation this body of players has earned for itself. The attacks were good, but the "cut-off" was often ragged. The shading was good, but not remarkably so, and the violin tone was frequently cloudy.

So much for the work of the men. Herr Seidl himself is an imposing personality. Tall, rugged of face, with a mass of dark brown hair, he would be recognized anywhere as a man out of the common, and as a conductor he fully bore out the estimate one would form of him as a man. He is careful and painstaking, yet his reading of his subjects is broad and large rather than minute and detailed. The concert opened with the Paris version of the Tannhauser overture. I do not like this, and if my reading is correct, Wagner himself was not very proud of it. The original overture was changed to make the opera "go down" in Paris, where he was assured no opera could live without a ballet. The nobility and grandeur of the reversion to the Pilgrim's chorus movement are lost, and the bizarre and distorted music of the orgie-makers of the Venusberg is heard instead. The cause of music, and especially that of Wagner's music, would lose nothing were this version lost, never to be performed again. It is a piece of labored development from beginning to end. Much more pleasing was the performance of the four Slavonic dances of Dvorak. In these brilliant programme pieces the orchestra showed itself to great advantage as far as its mechanical efficiency was concerned. Light and shade, sparkling time variations and a geniality of performance made these very delightful.

A novelty in Toronto on concert programmes was the Mignon overture, which was heartily appreciated by the audience. Clever in itself, and beautifully played, it was a charming addition to the programme. The Tschaikowsky Casse Noisette, full of characteristic *gauche* conceits, was a most pleasing diversion. Its six movements were interesting and quaint to a degree. The Pastoral Symphony received (if my memory is correct) its first complete performance in Toronto and was a real pleasure to all. How refreshing in these days of Wagner, Liszt, and the lighter moderns, to see the simple means by which the great master wrought his beauties out of the simplest material! Joy, gladness, pain, terror, grandeur—all worked out in simplicity and honesty. In it all there is something so essentially German in its solidity and reliability. It was well played, as it might be, for it is not one of Beethoven's great symphonies, and showed a good *ensemble*, though the finer details, such as complete unity of tone in the strings, were not salient. All in all, the orchestra was very acceptable and its playing much enjoyed, but who on earth is responsible for the rendering of God Save the Queen used for this occasion? It was the sort of thing the leader of a street band would arrange and be proud of.

The soloists on the instrumental side were delightful. Mr. Victor Herbert is always acceptable. His 'cello is a beautiful instrument, rich and sonorous in tone, yet in his hands it lends itself to the finest harmonies, a series of which he played exquisitely. Mr. Herbert possesses this great charm, that his virtuosity contains in itself something more than mere virtuosity—there is *genie*. Mr. Harry W. Field gave charming renderings of two Liszt numbers, the F sharp Barcarolle and E minor Ballade, both of which were sufficiently romantic to display the executant in the light of his newer studies. Mr. Field improves with every hearing. He has gained what might be called the manhood in his playing, and yet retains much of the poetic feeling that charmed us two years ago. Miss Amanda Fabris was a disappointment. Her voice was labored in its production, dull, and with a very strong suspicion of over-work in its tone. She sang Elsa's Dream from Lohengrin, and its performance on such a programme with only a piano accompaniment was a decided slight to the audience. Perhaps the transposition may account for this, but it certainly cannot excuse what must look like indifference to the audience. However, these trifling drawbacks of voiceless voice and tinkling accompaniment overlooked, there was rare beauty in Miss Fabris' phrasing and general conception of this number as well as of L'ast'a Thou't Like Unto a Flower, which was her encore piece.

The Select Knights of Canada made a fine opening on Thursday evening of last week. I mean opening as concert givers, for it was their first venture in this direction. The engagement of the Toronto Male Quartette gave the opportunity for some excellent concerted music, which was much admired. The quartette, Messrs. Robinson, Lye, Blight, and Davies, are fast winning their way to great popularity and should yet make a fine reputation. Mrs. Caldwell never loses the charm which has made her the favorite she is, and she gave most agreeable renditions of Matter's Che Gioja and of the ever popular Cuckoo Song. Mrs. Fenwick also sustained her old-time popularity by her sympathetic and conscientious singing of Sheppard's Marie, and Cam Ye By Athol. Miss Jessie Alexander was in her best form and delighted the audience with some of her characteristic pieces. The songs of Messrs. Blight, Robinson and Rich were also much appreciated, in fact the concert was one marked by recalls, nearly every number being encored, a tribute to the performers and a joy to the S. K. O. C., but too much of a good thing after all.

TORONTO, Nov. 26th, 1892.

DEAR METRONOME,—Just a line or two in regard to the attention you devote to me in today's SATURDAY NIGHT. My announcement of the Vocal Society's programme for the current season, in the New York *Musical Courier*, was based upon what I accepted as reliable, but which has since proved to be unreliable, information. With oratorio omitted, the whole complexion of the matter is altered and I have now no doubt that the rest of the scheme of entertainments is quite within the capacity of the Vocal Society to carry out. I shall have much pleasure in correcting the impression conveyed by my comments in the *Courier* when next I write to that paper.

In conclusion let me add that I admire the enterprise of the Vocal Society and their conductor, and I hope that the fullest measure of success will attend their efforts.

Yours very truly,

EDMOND L. ROBERTS,

Toronto correspondent N. Y. *Musical Courier*.

The Orpheus Society held its first practice on Tuesday evening with most satisfactory results. A large attendance and great enthusiasm promise success for the new venture.

Next Thursday will see the performance of Gaul's Holy City by Mr. Vogt's chorus. As this is a new departure in the matter of church choir enterprise I expect to see a large audience.

The University Glee Club will make another tour just before Xmas, under the musical direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch.

METRONOME.

By the Lodge Gate.

I HAVE stood here a long time, in all kinds of weathers. I have watched the grasses at my feet change from sodden brown to delicate green, and noted the growing of the tender shoot to a sturdy sapling. I have heard the moan of the autumn wind, the fierce howl of the winter tempest, and the gentle whisper of the summer zephyr through the tangled woods to my right. Many years ago I had a companion who stood beside me, but he was cut off in his prime. In the darkness of a summer night, when the black sky dashed its fiery darts to the earth and the ground trembled with the rolling thunder, he was stricken by my side, and the same flash that destroyed his life made a great rent in my side, and that is why I am no longer green and flourishing. I am an old tree. From my station here, near the lodge gate, I can see the squire's house, and walking through the grounds I see a lady, a smile of peace and happiness on her lip and contentment shining in her eye. I remember when she was but a child. She used to play upon the green grass around my roots, and the rent in my side made a biding-place for her doll. I remember when she reached womanhood, and can see her now as she walked through the lodge gate with the handsome stranger and parted with him in the gloaming. I wished then that she could see his evil heart as I did, and understand his cruel and designing nature as well as I. But she lived on in ignorance, and a day came when she was to give him her answer, and the old tree that watched over her was to be the hiding-place of the letter that was to decide all. When she left him I could see that her face flushed and paled alternately, and that reason and passion strove for the mastery. I watched her disappear through the gate and could see that the stranger followed her with his evil eyes; and I knew he was planning her downfall. I saw his black eyes gleam and his snaky mustache writhe with ill-concealed joy, and as he passed me his Mephisto laugh rang in my ears.

Another day rolled by, and I knew she would visit me to place her answer within my trunk. She came at noon and the letter was placed in the aperture, where he could see it. I knew by the blush upon her cheek that she had weakened and given him an answer that meant her ruin. After she had gone I tried to lean over and obtain a look at the perfumed note, and as I did so I saw that the movement of my trunk caused the paper to slip down towards my roots. Again and again I leaned backward and forward in my efforts to hide the piece of paper that contained the signature to her death warrant. Then the west wind strove to assist me. A sullen black cloud gathered overhead and the tempest swayed my whole form until I felt the letter slipping down, down, down. Finally it rested on the earth around my roots where no eye could see it. Then I knew she was safe, for the absence of it would indicate to him that she loved him not.

I saw him stride towards me through the storm, and heard his fierce and sudden curse as his hand encountered nothing but the splintered wood and rough bark. I saw him stand erect and shake his fist in the direction of the squire's house, and his oaths were horrible. He then moved in the direction of the lodge, crouching behind the hedge like a thief. He rose up once to note his progress, and just then there was a blinding flash from the sky. The thunder rolled and crashed overhead, and the stranger sank to the ground in a huddled mass. As the thunder died away and the rain ceased, I saw him lying by the lodge gate. The rain had beaten upon his face and splashed the mud over his white cheeks. But his snaky mustache still writhed like a twining serpent, and his hands were clinched in the wet earth with a grasp of hatred.

BERT KELLY.

Something Foreninst the Boat.

There was a curious mixture of the deep-water sailor and the 'longshoreman in the rigging of this coastwise captain as he meditatively leaned up against a projecting spile on the dock where his schooner lay unloading. A similar figure was bearing down the dock toward the schooner when he was hailed by the captain, and, coming about, made alongside the spile, and the two seafaring men exchanged a hearty greeting.

"Well, Cap'en," said the newcomer, "prosperous trip?"

"Fair to middlin', fair winds mostly and easy water," answered the skipper. "Nothin' unusual in the way of excitement, unless it was the goings on of a grampus that I shipped in Philadelphia on the home trip. While we was tied up at the Reading wharves loading with coal an Irishman walked aboard looking for a job. He was very anxious for work and I was short-handed, so I took him on. It wasn't the first time I ever shipped a green lubber, nor yet an Irishman, but if that fellow didn't know less about the ways of a vessel than a wooden Indian, then this river don't smell. He worked all right in the hold, but when we was under way I had a mind to try him on the lookout, after we struck clear water, as he couldn't tell a hallyard from a sheet line. There ain't much for the man forard to do when we was outside, but I instructed him plain enough what to do, and he was tickled with the job. 'Long about dark I stayed on deck, the mate at the wheel, so as I could tell just about what the new man was doing, and what he was good for.

"Pretty soon the lookout comes aft and says: 'There's something foreninst the boat, sorr.'

"'What is it?' I says, at the same time motioning to the mate at the wheel.

"'I don't know, sorr,' says the man.

"'Well, go back and find out and report,' I says then, and back he goes. A few minutes and back he comes aft.

"'I don't know what it is yet,' he says, 'but it's coming this way, and we can find out for sure in a little while.'

"'You go for'ard, and don't come back till you know what it is,' says I, gettin' mad. He goes up again, but is back again in a minute and all smiling.

"'Well?' says I.

"'If you please, sorr, I don't know for sure what it is,' says he, 'but whatever it is, it has a red light and a green light, and I think it must be a drug shore.'"—*Providence Journal.*

Had to Pay Their Way.

"They hain't no convention nor nothin' in town, is they?" asked a long-haired man, who, with an elderly lady carrying an enormous reticule, stepped falteringly up to the counter in a Lewiston hotel one evening recently and looked the proprietor fair in his weather eye.

"Not that I know of," said the proprietor. "What kind or a convention, mister, were you looking for?"

"Wa'al, Baptis'. Baptis' is my first pick. I'm Baptis'. Hesty, here," nodding at his wife, "she's got a Meth'dis leanin', but 'twouldn't matter much either way, would it?" he replied, smiling at his modest partner.

"Did you come to town expecting a convention?" asked the proprietor.

"No! Oh no! Not's I know on. We're both Y. M. C. A., ye see, and she's temp'rance, and I'm considerable in the Grange, and she's a Rebekah, and I'm one of the G. A. R. post up in my town. We come visitin', but the folks is away. We'd orter let 'em know, but we didn't. We're allus had good luck conventionin'; allus stayed a good while and had plenty to eat and a mighty good time, and it hain't never cost us nothin'. We generally intend to do most o' our visitin' in strange places as dellygates, but here we be, and the folks we was a-goin' to visit has gone away, and thoughts I, if there's a convention in town it's mighty slim show, but I'd be one of the brethren and she'd be a sister in less'n two minutes after we seen headquarters. I thought I'd ask the question. No harm, ye know. If there was a convention o' any kind—Republican or Democrat, Unitarian, Congregationalist, old school Baptis', Good Templar, Sons o' Temp'rance, Temple or Honor, Patrons o' Husbandry, P. U. O. W. F., G. A. R., Sons o' Vet'rans, or anything o'the kind—you'd know it, wouldn't you?"

"There is no convention of any kind."

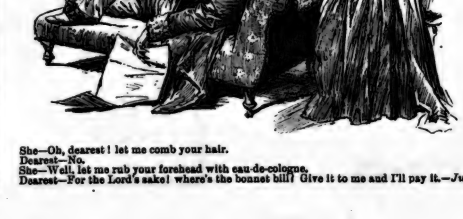
"Come on then, Hesty," said he wearily; "we'll have to stay here and settle."

"Sam," said the landlord, "give this couple the bridal chamber."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Poor Fellow!

Wife—And how was the sick man when you left him this morning, Jack?

Jack (absently)—About twenty dollars sicker than he was last night.



On to Her.

She—Oh, dearest! let me comb your hair.
Dearest—No.
She—Well, let me rub your forehead with eau-de-cologne.
Dearest—For the Lord's sake! where's the bonnet bill? Give it to me and I'll pay it.—*Judge.*

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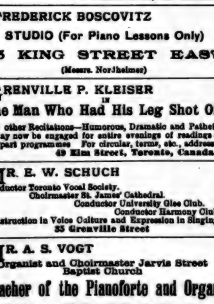

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

orchestra, mingled with the hum of voices, and later on welcoming addresses to the members of the Faculty with hearty responses, and a fine address by Bishop Vincent, were followed by a tour through the whole building, which was duly admired by all present.

•

Dr. Patton has returned from Europe with his bride. Mrs. Patton will be at home, at 237 Gerrard street east, to her friends and callers on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, and Wednesdays afterwards.

•

Mrs. James H. Pearce of 225 Beverley street leaves for Nassau, W. I., via New York, next week, where she expects to remain until April. Her many friends wish her a safe journey and a pleasant sojourn in the Sunny South.

•

Miss Alice Britton of Kingston is the guest of Miss Kennedy of Beverley street.

•

A number of society people were attracted to the Grand this week by the advent of Mrs. Cora Potter, who, as Miss Urquhart, was known formerly to many of those who summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mrs. Potter has done wonders in her *roles* in various plays, and it is safe to say a more horrified audience was never seen in the Grand than that which witnessed Therese Raquin. The play is dealt with in the dramatic columns. Even the most *blase* society man or woman was unpleasantly moved by it and a chorus of "isn't it awful" was the retiring comment of the fashionable crowd, as they drifted through the corridor. Among the audience on Tuesday night I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and party, Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney, Hon. Frank Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. Bolte and Miss Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mrs. George Gooderham and Miss Gooderham; Mrs. Bendelari had a pretty party of young people in a box. I was very much taken with one budding beau in a most fetching Eton suit, who looked too cute for anything.

•

The Faculty of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, were at home last Thursday, and gave their friends a most delightful evening.

•

Mr. Haughton Lennox of Barrie was in town recently.

•

Rev. Prof. Clark is to give a lecture in Hamilton on Tennyson on the 16th of December.

•

Mr. W. R. Brock leaves soon for an extended trip to the Old Country, and purposes visiting Egypt and the Nile.

•

Miss Drynan and Miss Grace Drynan have returned home from spending six months in Europe.

•

Sir R. T. Cartwright of Kingston was in the city recently.

•

Hon. Thomas Ballantyne of Stratford was in town lately.

•

Dr. Harry H. Oldright has returned from a sixteen months' trip on the continent, New Zealand and Africa.

•

Mr. Alexander Drake, of Cockburn & Drake, sails from New York to-day for the European market.

•

Mr. M. Sweetman, Chief Postoffice Inspector, returned last week from the Maritime provinces.

•

Mr. E. F. Stephenson of Bracebridge was in the city lately.

•

Mr. J. W. Woods returned from England last week.

•

Sir William and Lady Whiteway of Newfoundland arrived in the city last week.

•

Rev. A. Lampman of Ottawa was in town recently.

•

Mr. R. C. Montgomerie of St. John, N. B., was in the city lately.

•

A very pleasant evening was spent on Friday of last week at the residence of Miss Mills, Seaton street. Among those present were: The Misses Scoley, Taylor, Stewart, LeVallee and Squarley. The evening was spent in dancing, music and games.

•

Governor McCowen of St. John's, Newfoundland, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Skelton, wife of the late Dr. George Skelton, M.P., are the guests of Mr. A. C. Winton, Crawford street. Mr. McCowen rendered valuable services to the St. John's relief committee during the recent fire there.

•

The concert on Tuesday of last week, under the auspices of the Grenadier and Parkdale bands, was well attended. Miss Bell-Smith, the elocutionist, was highly appreciated. She has a melodious, flexible voice, and her gestures are artistic and finished.

•

The French club meets to-night at the residence of Miss Ellis, 563 Sherbourne street.

•

Mrs. Beverley Robinson will receive Thursday and Friday of next week, at her residence, 513 Huron street.

•

Miss Bamford of Sherbourne street gave a progressive euchre party last Saturday evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, the Misses Molson, Despard, Gooderham, Pearson, Messrs. Mintz, Mitchell, Hirschfelder and others.

•

Mrs. Gilbert Gordon of 646 Spadina avenue, gives a tea this afternoon from 5 to 7 o'clock.

•

A beautiful tea was given by Mrs. Alfred Gooderham to a few of her many friends last Monday, at Maple Croft. The tea was in honor of Miss Miall, who is visiting her. Mrs. Gooderham was assisted by her daughters and Miss Munro in seeing to the comfort and enjoyment of her guests, who much enjoyed the occasion.

•

Miss K. C. Griffiths' many friends in Toronto and elsewhere will be interested to hear of her safe arrival in Japan.

•

An interesting wedding took place on Wednesday week, at 49 Howard street, the residence of Mr. Dixon, when his daughter, Miss Cora, was married to Mr. Andrew W. Reid. Miss Annie Dixon was bridesmaid, and Mr. B. M. Patterson of Detroit was best man. Mrs. Reid will be at home to her friends on the 7th and 8th of this month at 39 Wellesley street.

•

The Toronto Bicycle Club were At Home to their friends last Thursday evening. House theatricals, the trial from Pickwick, a conversazione and dancing to Glionna's band filled up the programme.

•

Miss Belle Hall of Chicago is visiting Mrs. James Hardwell of Sussex avenue.

•

Cards are out for a progressive euchre party next Thursday, at the residence of Mrs. Martin, of 133 Dunn avenue.

•

The Toronto College of Music will give their Conversazione on December 8. The new colors of the college, crimson and gold, blended with the Varsity blue and white, will be worn for the first time on this occasion. A great number of smart people have accepted invitations and the affair is an assured success. Mr. Field and Mr. Morgan have promised to assist.

•

The Fifty, whose lovely dance last year was so much enjoyed, have selected January 13 as the date of their next reception.

•

Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, of 79 Pembroke street, has issued cards for an At Home on this day week, from five to eight o'clock.

•

The dance at East Lawn on Thursday of last week was, as all Mrs. Ferguson's parties are, just as happy and pleasant as could be. There is an atmosphere of cordiality and *bon hommie* at East Lawn which is sometimes lacking in large affairs. Space does not permit me to give a full list of the guests and many lovely gowns, but among these latter were Miss Alice Milligan's elegant and becoming white silk; Miss Sullivan, yellow silk; Miss Hoskins of Deer Park, a fair *debutante*, was in white tulle with delicate little flower wreaths; Miss Gertrude Thompson also made her *debut*.

•

Mr. E. Wyley Grier was at home on Thursday at his studio, and a large number of stylish people were *en attendance* to see the beautiful portraits of Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Cawthra, and other choice features.

•

Several of Mr. Ernest Thompson's pictures have been sold. Mr. R. Miles of the Queen's park has purchased the salon picture, The Sleeping Wolf, and two gems of Rosedale scenery.

•

His Excellency and Lady Stanley, accompanied by the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, honored the establishment of the J. E. Ellis Co. (Ltd.), with a visit on Thursday morning and inspected the fine collection of paintings by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, on view in the art room. The vice-regal party expressed themselves in highly appreciative terms of the artistic merit of the works on exhibition, especially the salon picture of this year, Awaited in Vain. His Excellency and Lady Stanley expressed their admiration of the elegant stock of artistic novelties displayed in the warerooms of the firm.

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"We have seen one of the diplomas of this academy. It is an artistic piece of the lithographer's work, and well worthy of a handsome frame.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, Section 36, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Sarah Brown, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, widow, deceased, who died on or about the 30th day of July, A.D. 1892, at the said City of Toronto, are hereby required to send by post prepaid or otherwise deliver to John Muns, of 560 Delaware Avenue, Toronto, executor of the last will and testament of the said Sarah Brown, on or before the 17TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1893, their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions with full particulars of their claims and statements of their accounts and nature of securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the said 17th day of January, 1893, the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he then has notice, and that the said executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time of such distribution.

D. L. SINCLAIR, 46 King St. West, Toronto, Solicitor for Executor.

Dated at Toronto this 15th day of November, A.D., 1892.

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We have noticed a page article in the Boston *Globe* on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton place, Boston, Mass.

Trinity Talk.

"Hi tiddley hi ti,
Now once more,
Rah! Trinity, rah! Trinity,
Rouge at noir."

TO our many friends in the city who are kind enough to take an interest in what is thought, said and done at Trinity—to grads. and all concerned—hail and again hail!

The college yell, so please you, and now having made our bow we crave your patience and attention, so hark ye, while our tale we tell.

First, of course, comes football. Whose heart does not beat faster at the very sound of the name? And immediately visions of padded pants, mud-stained canvas jackets, nose guards, scrimmages, tackles, punts and drops, come up before us only to remind us that, alas, another season only too quickly has come to an end. Our two most important matches came last. Notwithstanding our severe defeat at the hands of Canada's champions, who by the way defeated Montreal's cracks in the finals by a score of 46 to 2, which isn't much better than 50 to 1, our 1st team bobbed up quite serenely, supported by lots of solid red and black, on Varsity lawn. The story has been already told. At the end of the first half we led. Varsity picked up in the second and won by six points. It is rather interesting to note how this match increases in interest each year. Just wait, we're coming.

The season closed with the Inter-year series. In the first round '93 defeated Trinity in a hotly contested match, 7 to 5. In the second '95 defeated '94, 16 to 0, the Freshmen being too fast for '94, and in the finals '93 won, hands down, from '95—20 to 1—and so won the college championship. A good deal of feeling was shown over these matches, and they will now be an annual event. In the last match Mr. Courtney—'93—had the misfortune to dislocate a wrist. And now the season is over, the men are out of training, and on Monday, November 28, was given the annual footballers' supper. But of this more anon.

In view of the hockey season, which is now almost upon us, a thoroughly well banked and cushioned rink has been dedicated to Canada's winter game. The rink has been placed near the "gym." The Committee on Athletics is indeed to be heartily congratulated on this piece of work, which is only one more mark of their indefatigable energy and college spirit. Two teams will be on deck as soon as the season opens.

But a few weeks ago a "small cloud hardly as large as a man's hand appeared," as the novels put it. And this has been gradually, slowly but surely increasing, until it now assumes alarming proportions and casts a sad gloom over all. Truly,

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
And the grinder keeps on grinding, and the sport swears off his beer."

I refer to the Xmas Exams. But of this, again, more anon.

The Dramatic Club has been reorganized and remodeled, and at a recent meeting the following officers were declared elected: Business manager, A. B. Pottenger; stage manager, E. C. Cattanach; assistant stage manager, J. Chapelle; master of properties, H. B. Gwyn; musical director, J. C. Mockridge. Performances will be given every two weeks, and a week's tour at Easter is contemplated. Owing to the slight inconvenience of the aforesaid Christmas exams., the first piece will not be presented until after the holidays. With plenty of talent at hand and the present "hustling" committee, the club's success seems guaranteed.

The lately organized Banjo and Guitar Club has been placed under the able direction of Mr. Richards, the well known banjo instructor of this city. At a recent meeting the following officers were declared elected: Musical director, G. L. Smith; business manager, F. Vernon; committee, Messrs. Mockridge, Clark, Sparling, Ogilvie. The club now numbers fifteen men, and with careful work bids fair to become a pleasing feature in college life at Trinity.

The Literary Institutes have held their regular meetings on Friday evenings as usual. The council have been particularly happy in their selection of debate, and as a result the meetings have been better than ever before. The essays which have been read have also been worthy of special mention. Altogether the "Lit" is booming merrily.

The footballers' supper, given by the various years in college to the year of '90, the winners of the inter-year series, was a jolly winding up to the season of 1892. At 9 30 p.m., fifty men, every man an active footballer, sat down to a most tempting supper of oysters, turkey, etc., which had been prepared by Steward Filby. The following members of the Faculty graced the occasion by their presence: The Rev. the Dean, Profs. Cayley and Broughall and Mr. Bedford Jones. After ample justice had been done to the supper, pipes and pouches were produced and then came the evening's programme. Capt. McCarthy on rising received a tremendous ovation, which his hard and faithful work with the team richly deserved. His speech was listened to with great interest and frequent applause. Next came a Football Song from Mr. T. L. Smith, '93. The Dean then made one of his usual happy speeches, and received much applause. Then came the various toasts to the different teams, from the first down to '95. The manager, Mr. DuMoulin, spoke of the work of the teams during the past year, and pointed out the unusually bright prospects for the future, and so with songs and roaring choruses the evening passed, ending with Auld Lang Syne in true Trinity style at the solemn hour of midnight.

And now, *au revoir* till next we meet.

RED AND BLACK.

'Varsity Chat.

"The older order changeth yielding place to new."

THUS, in truth, it is. A new order of things has indeed arisen in University College. A perusal of the rolls of 1892-'93 demonstrates the fact that there are one hundred and thirty-two lady students now in attendance at University College. The growth in numbers and importance of the fairer sex within the classic walls during the last five years has been unprecedented. In 1884 there were but 11 "freshlettes" registered. In 1885 the number in attendance had only increased to 12. In 1886 it was 26, and remaining at that figure until 1888, when it jumped to 38. 1889 found 59 registered lady students on the rolls; in 1890 there were 76; in 1891, 130; and this year there are 132. It is the fashion for the youth of our day to disparage the breadth and scope of the feminine intellect, and to accept any statement to the contrary with a well-bred tolerance and condescension which springs from his own consciousness of masculine superiority. To such a one, it may be, perhaps, not uninstructive to read of the achievements of our fair companions in, not one or two, but in every branch of study at our Provincial University. Of the "freshlettes" we can say little. They must yet prove themselves worthy peers of the companions of the opposite sex. But of the other years we have the most authentic evidence. In the present second year there are two lady students in the Natural Science course, Miss Louise H. Scratch and Miss Margaret W. Bayne. Of these Miss Scratch took first place (eq.) in the course. In mathematics, usually counted an exclusively masculine study, there are four students, Miss Margaret A. Northwood, Miss Jean S. Hillock, Miss Maggie G. Millar and Miss Mary O'Rourke. Miss Northwood succeeded in securing third place in the course, and both Miss Hillock and Miss O'Rourke, the latter being the winner of the Prince of Wales scholarship at matriculation, acquitted themselves very creditably. In political science, Miss Ruby E. Mason is the sole representative, and will, we doubt not, take a high place in the coming spring. Classics also possess but a single lady student, Miss Jennette A. Street, who won the Mary Mulock classical scholarship at matriculation, the Moss classical scholarship (eq.) in the first year, and succeeded, besides, in taking three first-class honors in Moderns. Here, now, my serenely complacent masculine friend! Moderns, of course, is the department to which lady students naturally gravitate, there being thirty-seven registered in the second year. Of these, several have taken a very high stand, Miss Alice G. Rowson, Miss Florence Northrup, Miss Isabelle J. Macdougal, Miss Chrisie A. Steen, Miss Margaret C. W. Fraser and Miss Alice Rosebrugh being high up among the elect. Passing to the third year, the phenomena I have noticed become even more apparent and striking. In mathematics, there are but two lady students, Miss Louise D. Cummings and Miss Margaret L. Robertson, who stood first and second respectively in the recent examinations, Miss Cummings being the winner of the William Mulock scholarship in mathematics. Truly it is wonderful that in the study supposed to be pre-eminently fitted to the masculine mind, the skirted students carry off the palm. But it is not in this alone that the fairer sex has triumphed. The first place, a scholarship in Moderns, was captured by Miss Alma Ballard, much to the discomfiture of the male portion of the class. Miss Ballard is unfortunately absent this year or we have no doubt her quiet strength would again place her at the head. Of the other eighteen lady students in Moderns in the third year, several stood far up on the lists: Miss Annie Weir, Miss Esther de Beauregard, Miss Margaret Cook, Miss Sara M. McBride, and Miss Elizabeth M. Cluff sufficiently demonstrated the fact that in Moderns, at least, women can hold their own against all comers. Classics has but a single representative in the second fat: Miss Laura A. Wiele, who upheld the honor of her sex at that department, while Miss Beatrice Cross, the single lady student in political science in '94, demonstrated the capacity of her sex to grapple with even the abstract and intricate problems of economics and finance, by capturing three first-class honors at the examination. Chemistry and mineralogy can also boast of but one lady student, Miss Jeanie Balmer, who stands second in her course. In the fourth year the number of lady students is small in comparison with the three lower years, there being but 11 in the year. Of these, 5 are devotees of Moderns, Miss Frances M. Lye, Miss Mary Johnston, Miss Florence G. Kenney, Miss Ethel C. Fleming, and Miss Nettie S. Telfer. Miss Lye has stood well during the whole of her career at 'Varsity, particularly distinguishing herself last year by the high stand which she took in all the subjects of the Romance Moderns, as well as in German, in which she stood third. Miss Fleming particularly distinguished herself in her first year, by taking first place in English, second place in French, and third place in German. Miss Telfer, Miss Johnston, and Miss Kenney have also done well throughout their courses. Miss Adelaide Lindsay is the sole mathematical lady student in the fourth year, and has throughout stood high in the class lists. The remaining five lady students in the fourth year, Miss Laura D. Parkinson, Miss Claribel Smith, Miss Annie F. Young, Miss Ruth Paterson, and Miss Adelaide A. McDonell, are taking a pass course with honors in particular subjects. Several of the students of '93 who stood high in their first and second years have been compelled to leave their courses unfinished. Miss F. Spence, who stood first in several subjects, Miss B. Scott, who also distanced most of her compeers in their second year but who has now taken a position in the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Miss M. H. Buchan and Miss E. A. Burson are among these. It will be seen from the foregoing brief summary of the past few years that the female element at our provincial university is fast becoming a most important factor in university life, and one with which the male student must seriously reckon in his struggle for precedence and for place.

The social element, so much stronger in woman than in man, has found expression of late in the organization and creation of a Women's Literary Society, at which the floods of forensic female eloquence is let loose, and the sweet girl undergraduate, arrayed in a sable gown and firmly grasping a scroll of foolscap, pleads with the sphinx-like president to decide the debate in her favor. The orderly manner in which the meetings are conducted and the erudite constitutional knowledge which is there displayed, demonstrate beyond all doubt that the genius of conducting a public meeting, which is the especial gift of the Anglo-Saxon race, has descended to its male and female members alike. Miss Lye is the president of this noble body, and Miss Nettie Telfer is the vice. Its other officers are: Miss Weir, Miss O'Rourke, Miss Fleming, Miss M. L. Robertson, Miss J. Hillock, Miss Laird and Miss Comb, and they form an exceedingly able directorate. The literary ability which finds expression here is often of the highest order. Some, indeed, among the ladies do not confine their literary creations to their own literary society, but seek a more extended audience through the columns of *'Varsity*, one of the most active and able of the sub-editors of that enterprising journal being Miss Evelyn A. Durand, well known as the poetess of '94. Of late an agitation has been begun for a women's residence, and certainly there is no more crying need at present than such an institution. To a young man arriving in the city, the searching for a lodging house is not, as is well known, the pleasantest occupation, and oftentimes a suitable one is as hard to find as the proverbial needle in the hay-stack. But to a girl arriving in the city, perhaps for the first time in her life, these difficulties are increased a hundredfold. She has, perhaps, few friends, and is thrown almost entirely on her own resources. To anyone who can put himself in her place, and imagine the difficulties which must beset her, the need of a residence for women in connection with the University will be at once evident. At a meeting of the Women's Literary Society held on October 15th, Miss Ross, B.A., moved, seconded by Miss Hamilton, that the Literary Society devise means of raising funds for the erection of a women's residence. The meeting was attended by the Chancellor, Hon. Edward Blake, who, after declaring himself in sympathy with the movement, subscribed the magnificent sum of $1,000 to the fund. A committee has been appointed to collect for this purpose and it is to be hoped that the response will be as generous as the worthiness of the object deserves. Who knows but that the residence thus erected will form a nucleus around which an exclusively woman's university might in the distant future be raised? The project is not by any means utopian. A few lecture-rooms would serve for the purpose of the women students having all their pass lectures at least exclusively together, and this would certainly be a great step in advance of the present system. At all events, the growing needs of the "women population" at the University demand a residence. They are becoming a more and more important element in 'Varsity life; they enter into all the social organizations with the most enthusiastic vigor, and it is even whispered that there has been organized for some years a women's secret society (a chapter). This last is entirely conjecture upon my part, of course, and I earnestly hope that the lady students who read this chat will not accuse the writer of divulging a confidence or seeking to discover the sacred mysteries of the female craft.

ADAM RUFUS.

The Lords of Creation.

MAN, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority! It seems to be the generally accepted idea (among men) that the world was expressly created for men. The women, a necessary appendage to their state, are endured as well as may be, but it is an awful bore for such superior beings to step from their high and lofty pedestal to such a level.

See the noble creature called dude as he walks the street faultlessly attired; a cane in hand and cigar in mouth, a general expression of contempt for those of mankind who do not come up to his standard depicted on his manly features. When I see such a one I feel inclined to fall down and worship him, and to sing fervently that expressive anthem, Oh for a Man! Oh for a Man—slon in the Skies.

The man who knows it all, like the Lord High Executioner, I've got him on the list. What he doesn't know isn't worth knowing. I do love to meet that man out in society, he makes himself so agreeable. You start a subject thinking a little general conversation will be pleasant, but there is no conversation possible where he is; he enters into it, gives a dissertation on it which lasts for half an hour, giving no one else a chance to speak, and by the time he gets through you have forgotten what on earth you wanted to talk about and feel quite unequal to the exertion of starting another topic. Oh, I know that man well—he is one cousin to the man who sings.

The dapper little fellow five feet two, whose favorite song, so well suited to a weak baritone voice is that martial air, "A Warrior Bold." It is a thrilling song, so rendered, the only difficulty being that one's ribbles suffer most from the thrilling process.

The lady-killer is another specimen let loose upon society, the darling of the ladies, so sweet, so polite, but—don't marry him, girls, he's the man who beats his wife when he gets one.

There are men and men. When you meet a "Man" speak of him and write of him with capital letters; he is a rare specimen.

This despicable little apologies for men serve one purpose, anyway—they make us appreciate the real article when we come across it.

SEAMS do not rip, button holes do not fray, when you use the celebrated

Cortcelli

Silk and twist
For hand sewing
For stitching
For button-holing
it has no equal. Try it once and you will use no other.

I was out driving the other day, and passed a vacant lot where an old, worn-out horse was tethered, trying to get the benefit of the few blades of grass growing there. As a matter of course, the small boys were there, and amusing themselves by pelting the poor animal with sticks and bits of brick and stone.

Walking along the sidewalk, just in front of me, was a man (save the mark), a minister at that. I drove slowly, waiting for him to deliver a well merited rebuke. He glanced at them helplessly, hesitated, and—walked on. I pulled up my fiery steed, and to the best of my ability launched some scathing remarks at the miniature scene, when my ministerial friend, doubtless feeling quite secure with my support, turned around and mildly remarked, "Better be careful, boys, the horse might kick." Then he resumed his walk, with the comfortable feeling a man must have who has so thoroughly done his duty. As for me, I drove meekly away, more than ever impressed with the superiority, mentally, morally and physically, of that noble creation—man.

The world is certainly made much easier for the male sex to live in than it is for women. All their little foibles, frailties and peccadilloes are made light of and smiled upon, where a woman would be frowned and scorned to death. Let one of the frail sisterhood attempt to raise herself out of the pit of infamy into which she may have sunk, perhaps more sinned against than sinning, will anyone give her a helping hand, a kind look or word? Looks of horror, skirts drawn aside, and the poor, lost creature is forced to sink again, crushed and broken! As the old verse has it:

There was a man it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime,
The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.

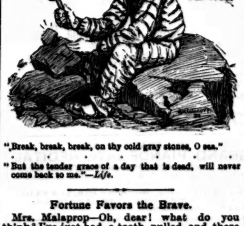
There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of life's young day;
The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in heaven.
For this is the law of earth we know,
That woman is scorned while the man may go.

O inconsistency, thy name is woman!

Laugh and flout at the men as we will, who of us does not fairly dote upon them, and "If the men were all transported far beyond the northern sea" we would find existence pretty flat and stale.

I, for one, confess without a blush that I like gentlemen's society and think a party where none are present is a most unmitigated bore. Besides, I always console myself by thinking of the words of the old song, "Ye lords of all creation, ye think ye rule the whole, but you are much mistaken, after all you are under a woman's control."

St. Thomas. HELEN GRAFTON.



"Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea."

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to me."—*Life.*

Fortune Favors the Brave.

Mrs. Malaprop—Oh, dear! what do you think? I've just had a tooth pulled and there was a great big ulster at the end of it.

Sympathizing friend—Why don't you try another? Perhaps you will strike a sealskin.

Unseemly Haste.

"I think it is an outrage for Snodgrass to marry again so soon after his wife's death," remarked Berry, the undertaker.

"Six months, isn't it?"

"Well, it isn't the exact time I object to so much as the fact that he hasn't paid me yet for her funeral."

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Velvet Hats
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Which is well worth the inspection of ladies about to purchase
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6 and 8 Jordan Street
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Babies not in the Bargain.

Ted and Tib cannot be said to have fallen in love. The cohesion and amalgamation of two such spirits cannot be defined by an ordinary, everyday, vulgar expression. They formed a classic comradeship at the art school, established a bond of mutual sympathy under the benignant, stilly-smiling auspices of a Hermes holding an infant Love, or an immature Dionysius on his strong, beautiful, mutilated left arm. The tall, burly young man and the slim, little young woman calculated his angles with the plumb-line and blocked out his outlines with charcoal; rubbed in his shadows with black crayon-powder, and picked out his high lights with bread pills; and by the time they had done with him, they had begun to believe that they were admirably well fitted to pass their lives together. So, when they left the school, they married. Then they set up at No. 9, North-West Studios, and began to design in black and white for cake and ale, doing well and getting a great many commissions. Editors of domestic magazines rejoice greatly in Ted's work, it is so neat, so sweet—so exactly calculated to please ninety-nine subscribers out of a hundred. To be sure, the hundredth will be like to scream with agony and gnash his teeth over Ted's pretty, boneless, large-eyed young ladies, who are invariably attired in the newest fashions, and as invariably sit upon prostrate tree-trunks or lean against garden-gates, looking at nothing in particular; while young men with Grecian profiles, heavy mustaches, extraordinarily broad shoulders, and impossibly small feet totter toweringly above them, with nostrils blown out widely by the identical gales of passion which bestrew the opposing pages of type with points of exclamation, stars, dots, dashes and so forth, thickly as Vallombrosan leaves.

Tib's style is altogether different. She works in tint rather than line, and uses her Chinese-white and India-ink with a frank, impressionistic brutality, of which she is not a little vain. She is never so completely in her own element as when she is depicting some scene of murder or violence for the illustrated weekly paper of which she is the chief support and stay.

It was Ted's boast that Tib never required at his hands those *petits soins* which may be regarded as the flotsam and jetsam of the shipwrecked age of chivalry. It was Tib's pride that she had never yet waited dinner for Ted, or sat up for him in company with a cat and a candle, when business detained him at the Apollos Club, or sewn a button on his shirt or darned a sock for him since they were made one. At breakfast she took coffee, while Ted drank tea; at dinner she had claret, while he drank beer. They used to go away on a little visit to friends and relatives at home and abroad without consulting each other, and the one who was inclined to be saving went about in street cars, while the other had cabs. As to religion, both Ted and Tib were ardent Agnostics; but the ground for doubt was identical with neither. They disbelieved in different ways; it would have been uncharacteristic had they trodden the same path of heresy together. One antipathy, indeed, the couple held in common—an intense depreciation of, an enthusiastic objection to, the immature young of the human race. Babies had never been in the bargain—and both felt vexed and hurt when it became apparent that their matter-of-fact, unemotional, busily-employed matrimonial duet was about to be turned into a trio.

To begin with, there was no nursery accommodation at No. 9 North-West Studios, under the existing regime. The independent plan of existence pursued by its proprietors naturally included separate studios; and Tib was not going to part with her beloved working-den. Ted would see himself some-thinged before he parted with his—at the dictation of a mere child. Besides, the loathly paraphernalia inseparable from the extreme infancy—the nurses, the cradles, the pap-saucepans, the feeding bottles, last, but not least, the vocal demonstrations of their owner—would forever banish inspiration from the right hand of either artist and rob life of all æsthetic exquisiteness. No, indeed! That baby was not going to be harbored on the premises at all! A quiet lodging in the neighborhood was obtained, where the infant, under the care of a respectable nurse, might be reared until it was old enough to be sent to school out of the way.

It happened a few weeks later, a friend, calling in at No. 9, found Tib pretending to be at work upon a vivid piece of realism of the blood-and thunder school. She looked very pretty—pink cheeked and bright-eyed—as she bestowed the finishing touches on a gentleman arrayed in accurate evening dress, with high Japan-lacquer lights about the creases of his knees and elbows, who, with gleaming teeth and starting eyeballs, was actively engaged in performing upon a young lady (also in gala attire) the operation of asphyxiation. The underline ran as follows:

> "'Devil, confess!' He grasped her white throat with nervous, sinewy fingers. A hoarse gurgle was her only answer."

"A hoarse gurgle," Tib quoted, appealing to me. "There is nothing more difficult to draw than a hoarse gurgle. What do you say? 'Where is Ted?' I had peeped into the room on the other side of the passage, and found it empty. "He has gone"—she put her brush between her lips and turned her head critically upon one side as she thoughtfully gazed at her struggling couple: "He has gone over to Acacia Crescent—to see his baby," almost an exaggeration of disdain accenting the ultimate pronoun.

A heavy footstep sounded in the passage. Ted popped his head in, looking rather red and conscious. He greeted me shortly, and said to Tib:

"You'd better get over to Acacia Crescent as quick as you can. That baby of yours"—with a laboriously scornful stress upon the words—"seems to want you."

Before the full-blown dramatic contempt of Tib's regard the man quailed and fled, taking me with him. It struck me, as I turned over the drawings that lay scattered on his easel-desk, that the boneless young lady was less obtrusive than usual, and that her delineator was beginning to develop quite a considerable faculty for the sympathetic delineation of babies.

As I looked up, with a question on my lips, there was a frou-frou of skirts along the passage parquet—a tread of hasty light footsteps, followed by the bang of the outward door and an unmistakable grunt of relief from Ted. Tib had gone! He worked on in silence for a little while and then observed:

"Don't seem to come back, does she?"

I returned the irrelative but customary negative. A moment later Ted volunteered another observation.

"It was a splendid idea, that Acacia Crescent one. But put into actual practice, it doesn't seem to work. For one thing, the rooms are ten minutes' walk from here. That is one disadvantage."

"I remember your saying so when you engaged them," I returned. "You thought them a great deal too near."

Ted coughed noisily. I remarked that he appeared to have something of a cold.

"The fact is," he explained, "that I have been rather exposed to draughts and things during the last few weeks. The accommodation is rather limited over at Acacia Crescent—confined to two small bedrooms and a landing; and, as the nurse occupies one room, and Tib and the—baby another, I have been obliged to put up, in fact, with a shake-down on the landing. Of course I could stop over here in perfect comfort"—I felt I had made a false step in suggesting that too obvious course—"but, under the circumstances"—he blushed and stuttered—"one naturally likes to be at hand. In the case of such a very young baby, one never knows what will happen. By the way, if you don't mind—as my—as she—as its mother does not seem to be coming back, I will take my work over and finish it—at Acacia Crescent." Then he filled his pockets with bottles, tubes, and brushes, shut up his double palette and tucked it, with a sheaf of Newman's hot-pressed fourteen-inch boards, under one velveteen elbow, and hospitably showed me out. I stood in the quadrangle of North-West Studios and watched him trudging away in the direction of Acacia Crescent.

It needed no gift of prophecy to be able to foretell that it was, in a certain sense of the word, all over with Ted and Tib; that, after three years of married life, conducted on the New Rational Principle, they had retrograded, fallen away—would ultimately demoralize into an ordinary, commonplace, spoony, domestic couple. To-day (six months since the event recorded) they occupy a residence of red brick in a semi-artistic suburb. They share one studio—the dining-room proper; the large room with the lofty ceiling and the north light has been set apart for the use of the baby. They adore this baby—an animated lump of pinkish putty, with indeterminate features and round staring eyes; they admire each other, openly and unashamed. They go about arm-in-arm. They are rent with spasms of wrath and indignation when publishers refuse to pay one or the other premium prices for the other or the one's feebleat work. Need one say more? And Edward the Elder continues to flood the illustrated magazines with babies of every imaginable brand and in every imaginable attitude—nor is he likely to stop short, it is said, for lack of fresh models.—*St. James's Gazette.*

A Natural Error.

Horrified Stranger.—You say that four men were carried away unconscious, three were badly crushed, and the doctors were busy for an hour setting broken limbs! On what railroad did the accident occur, sir?

Animated Narrator.—Railroad? Accident? —It was the biggest foot-ball game of the season!

A Bath for a Tramp.

"Did you ever see a tramp take a bath?" said the baggage master on the Congressional Limited a short distance beyond Trenton.

"I never did," replied a *Star* reporter, who was smoking on a box.

"Would you like to witness such a spectacle?"

"It might be interesting, I should imagine. But the tramp must be caught first."

"I've got one now."

"Where?"

"In a trap."

The newspaper man looked around for something like a mousetrap on a large scale with a tramp in it, but there was nothing to be seen but boxes and trunks.

"I don't see him," he said.

"He is on this car," declared the baggage master. "At this very moment he is riding outside. No, you can't see him, because he is lying across the platform. I caught sight of him just after we left Trenton. He looked very comfortable, and he doesn't know that anybody is on to him. But I have to keep a sharp lookout, for the reason that I frequently carry money and other valuables."

"Why don't you put him off?"

"Because we don't stop until we get to Philadelphia, but he will have a nice bath before he gets there."

"How do you mean?"

"I'll show you presently. You see, we are just behind the tender of the locomotive. I have given a private signal to the engineer, and he knows what is expected of him. Only about a mile ahead now there is a water trough, where the locomotive takes up water while going at full speed. It is a sort of ditch that runs along for a considerable distance between the rails filled with water. The locomotive takes up the water with a kind of scoop. Just watch."

A moment later the water trough was struck and spray began flying out of the top of the great iron tank on the tender, the lid of it flapping up and down, while the reservoir filled itself from below. This did not occupy more than half a minute, at the end of which the engineer should have pulled up the scoop. Instead of that, however, he permitted the tank to overflow in a cataract, which was flung backward like a miniature Niagara against the forward end of the baggage car.

"Just look at that," cried the baggage master, delightedly. "Ain't he getting it, though?"

In truth, the unfortunate tramp must have been getting it with a vengeance, for the tremendous flood of water spouting from the top of the tank continued to fling itself against the face of the baggage car for fully three quarters of a minute, which must have been nearly sufficient to drown any human being on the front platform. So copious was it that the water flowed in below the door and threatened to inundate the freight.

"If that fellow is still alive," said the baggage master, when the cataract had finally suspended its activity, "he has had enough to give him a distaste for water for the rest of his life. There isn't anything that will frighten a man like a dose of that sort, according to our experience. Coming on him unawares it scares him almost to death, besides half drowning him. He don't know when it is going to stop, and he has to choose between standing it and jumping off the train."

When the train slowed up an hour later near Philadelphia the newspaper man saw a figure that looked more like a drowned rat than like a human being, crawl off the front platform of the baggage car and steal sorrowfully away. It was the tramp, who had had a bath as well as a ride at the expense of the railway.—*Washington Evening Star.*

Murder Not a Crime.

The average Kabuli does not regard murder as a crime. It is kill or be killed in his own country, and he therefore regards the matter of the taking off of a friend most philosophically. "There is nothing to worry about; he is dead, and I killed him," he will tell you if you should enquire about a companion with whom he was on the best of terms the preceding winter. I have heard an Afghan, while purchasing a weapon, speak with evident gusto of the occasion when he would use the gun to murder a friend. It caused him as little concern, this contemplated crime, as if he had said, "Shall kill a chicken, if God so wills it, to-morrow for my pillau."

And yet there is something childish and affectionate about these men. They never seem to forget a favor and repay it to the best of their ability. Unlike other Mohammedans, they do not observe the Koran with blind obstinacy, but occasionally stretch its precepts to accord with their ideas of religion. They do not drink, for that is directly against the law, nor do they smoke. Palgrave, in his interesting book describing his journey to the sacred city of Mecca, gives an amusing account of his conversation with a Mollah.

On asking the reverend gentleman which he considered the most deathly of all sins, the holy man replied:

"Smoking the Shameful."

"And next, O son of the Prophet?"

"Drinking."

"Are these the two greatest sins, father?"

"Verily, my son."

"And murder?"

"Ah, that's nothing—nothing. It's forgivable."

"And stealing?"

"Ah! that's forgivable, too."

"But smoking?"

"It is the unforgivable crime," replied the Mollah sternly, and looking keenly at the fictitious Mohammedan.

And this, I think, is the Afghan's creed. Murder and theft are forgivable crimes, but for smoking and drinking there is no redemption.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Altered Opinion.

A Mississippi Valley Churchman—that is the name now given to the Western Ritualists—in talking about the Episcopalians of Massachusetts, one evening, summed them up in this way: "In the old days of Bishop Eastburn, when the churchmen of the Bay State were a select remnant, they thought they were too good for God to damn; now they think that God is too good to damn them, thus proving that the hard churchman and the loose churchman finally reach the same point."

Contingent Gratitude.

Chloe—Look yeah, whar yo' goin' wid dat bag, you 'Rastus?

'Rastus—I'm jes a-goin' over to brudder Jones' hen-coop ter see wedder we've any cause fur t'anksgivin'.

Trouble at the Orphan Asylum.

Member of Board of Visitors.—Why, here's a little one crying! What is the matter? No. Four-twenty-four.—P-please ma'am, all I got from the Thanksgivin' package was a brass t-t-thimble, an' I'm a little boy!"

A Mean Cut.

Dusty Rhodes—The keeper of the penitentiary, Ma'am, ruined all my chances of gaining an honest livelihood.

Mrs. Dogood—What line were you in?

Dusty Rhodes—I was a Circassian Beauty, Ma'am.

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Mrs. Hautton (to her cook)—So your brother Mike is intended for priesthood is he?

Norah—Yis, mum; we do lxpict him to be; he's only an aconite yit, mum.

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RUNCIMAN—On Nov. 26, the wife of Thomas Runciman, 564 Sumach street, of a daughter.
HUMPHREY—Nov. 20, Mrs. F. W. Humphrey—a daughter.
DAVIDSON—Nov. 15, Mrs. Fred Davidson—a son.
BODEN—Nov. 23, Mrs. U. H. Boden—a son.
KEMP—Nov. 24, Mrs. C. O. Kemp—a son.
ALLAN—Nov. 24, Mrs. John R. Allan—a daughter.
ALTON—Nov. 19, Mrs. T. R. Alton—a son.
JARDINE—Nov. 20, Mrs. J. W. Jardine—a daughter.
WHITE—Nov. 25, Mrs. J. W. White—a son.

Marriages.

REID—DIXON—Nov. 3, at the residence of the bride's parents, 49 Howard street, by the Rev. G. T. Taylor, Andrew W. Reid to Cora Larinia, eldest daughter of Wm. Dixon. No cards.
McFETRIDGE—McCOTTER—Nov. 24, C. T. McFetridge to Sara Louise M. Cotter.
BATTLE—MASTERSON—Nov. 24, David Battle to Margaret Masterson.
McMULLEN—STEPHENS—Nov. 24, J. M. McMullen to Sarah Eliza S. ephens.
ANSLEY—STENNETT—Nov. 25, John Henry Ansley to Amy W. Stennett.

Deaths.

PEARSON—Nov. 23, John F. Pearson.
MURRAY—Nov. 23, James Murray, aged 80.
FISH—Nov. 23, Emma J. Fish, aged 55.
FORRESTER—Nov. 20, George Forrester, aged 34.
THOM—Nov. 14, John Thom, aged 46.
MASON—Nov. 23, Jane Mason, aged 70.
OLIVER—Nov. 25, Maggie Oliver.

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